McKean County Miner.

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VOL. XLIX SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1912 NO. 21

CROSBY HARD HIT BY FIRE ON TUESDAY

J. H. Bloomster, E. V. Barbour and I. O. R. M. Heavy Losers.

$13,000 IS THE ESTIMATED LOSS

James H. Bloomster's Store and E. V. Barbour's Blacksmith and Woodworking Shop and Glove Factory Destroyed—Store Building Belonged to the Red Men—Will Probably Be Rebuilt.

One of the worst fires that Crosby, the busy little town about five miles south of Smethport on Potato creek, has ever had broke out in Bloomster Brothers' general store between one and two o'clock Tuesday morning. The fire had a good start when discovered and entirely destroyed the store and E. V. Barbour's blacksmith and woodworking shop and glove factory before it could be got under control. The loss is estimated at about $13,000, on which there is an insurance of about $8,000.

The cause of the fire is not known, further than that it broke out in the store building of James H. Bloomster and had a good start when discovered. The flames spread quickly and soon communicated to the building of E. V. Barbour, which was only a short distance north of the store.

Crosby has no fire department but the citizens did noble work in confining the fire to these two buildings. A hose was stretched from the Heinneman Chemical factory and the powerful pumps of the factory put in play, but it was too late to save any part of the two above-named buildings and it was only possible, with extreme hard work, to save the residences across the street.

The store was a large two-story frame building belonging to the local lodge of Red Men. The first story was used for store purposes and the second story as a lodge room. Barbour's building was also a two-story structure, and on the first floor he had his blacksmith shop, his woodworking shop and a plating outfit and the second story was used for a cloth glove factory.

The losses have not been fully determined but it is understood that James H. Bloomster is the heaviest loser. His stock was valued at between $6,000 and $7,000, and they had a little over $4,000 insurance on the stock. The building, belonging to the Red Men cost $3300, and they carried $2000 insurance. Mr. Barbour's loss is estimated at $3,000, on which he had about $1,500 insurance. Mr. Barbour and family were in Buffalo at the time of the fire and we have not been able to get his estimate on his loss.

This is a hard blow to Crosby but we understand that the Red Men are contemplating replacing their building and in such event James H. Bloomster will put in another stock of goods. We have not learned what Mr. Barbour's intentions are, but he probably will rebuild.

MT. JEWETT H. S. WINS.

An Interesting Game at Kane Field on Tuesday.

The first game of baseball played in Smethport this year was pulled off Tuesday afternoon between the Mt. Jewett High School team and the Smethport High School team, in which the former won, after an interesting contest, by a score of eleven to twelve.

The game was largely attended by students and local fans. Mt. Jewett started off in the lead and kept it until the first half of the eighth inning when the local players got on their batting clothes and passed their opponents by lining the ball all over the lot. Day made one home run in that inning and had another lined for the creek but a fortunate one-handed catch on the part of a visiting fielder stopped his hopes and ended the inning. In their half of the eighth inning the visitors again took the lead and the home boys were unable to overcome it.

CARD OF THANKS.

For the kindness and sympathy shown during our recent bereavement we wish to thank all.

James McGowan and Family.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Everybody in Smethport Should Assist in Its Observance.

The observance of Memorial Day here next Thursday promises to be very interesting, an excellent program has been arranged and many of the civic organizations will join with the G. A. R. in making this a day long to be remembered. Already the Smethport Fire Department, the Smethport schools, the local I. O. O. F. bodies and the Protected Home Circle have accepted the invitation to participate in the parade and exercises, and we understand that other societies of a like nature will accept the invitation extended to them at their regular meetings.

The program, which follows, shows that the exercises are well worth attending:

Parade.

The parade will form on West Main street at 2 p. m., right resting on Marvin street, and the route will be down Main to Mechanic street, to Bank street, to Nelson street, to Cemetery street, to cemetery. Returning: To Cemetery street, to Nelson street, to Main street, and disband in front of court house.

Exercises at Cemetery.

Music—By the bands.
Prayer—Rev. J. W. McGavern.
Post Exercises—Post 347, G. A. R.
Reading of Lincoln's Address—G. B. Mayo.
Music—By the bands.
Introduction—President of Day.
Oration—E. H. French.
Music—Glee Club.
America—Bands and audience.
Prayer—Rev. J. F. Dugan.
Strewing of Flowers.

Officers.

President of Day—R. E. Burdick.
Orator of Day—E. H. French.
Marshal—E. W. Jones.
Chief of Staff—E. A. Studholme.
Aides—B. T. Garlick, Russell Abbey, C. C. Choate, J. Donald Hogarth, Neil Gleason, Dr. Robert Hamilton, H. C. Wells.

Committees.

Executive—H. M. Choate, T. A. Morrison, J. W. Bouton, J. Colegrove, S. S. Provin.
Music—Dr. H. L. McCoy.
Flowers—Daughters American Revolution.
Cemeteries—S. G. Bush, H. L. Burlingame.
Conveyances—H. H. Redfield, J. Clayton Backus.

According to the statement of the head of the Grand Army of the Republic, forty thousand veterans of the Civil war answered the last roll call in the past years. This means that there will be forty thousand more graves to decorate this year than were thus honored last year. But more than anything else it shows how fast the old soldiers are passing away.

The Civil war ended forty-seven years ago. Men who entered the army when they were more than twenty years of age, if still living, are most of them over seventy years old. The soldier boy of 17 in 1861-2 if a survivor, is now a man of 67.

During the war the soldiers were subjected to many hardships—long and weary marches, insufficient food, cold or wet places in which to sleep, wounds and disease—and these have told upon the vitality of the men and year by year the list of survivors grows perceptibly less. In a few years the last of the boys in blue who answered Lincoln's call for troops will have passed away.

No man can hope to escape the irrevocable laws of nature, and death must come to all but the Nation which owes so much to the veterans of the Civil war, should endeavor to make the last years of these men happier and more contented. The Republic owes to the veteran not only a pension but all the honors which belong to soldiers who by their heroism saved the Union from dissolution.

On Memorial Day every citizen should contribute to the honors which are paid to the dead soldiers and their surviving comrades.

NOTICE TO FIREMEN.

All firemen are requested to report at the hose house at 1:30 p. m., May 30th, in full uniform, to take part in Memorial Day services.

By Order,
THE PRESIDENT.

LOST.

Between my residence and Burbank's Crossing, a child's long white broadcloth cape. Liberal reward if returned to
1t L. L. HERZOG.

COMMENCEMENT.

Exercises to be Held by the Smethport High School Next Week.

The graduates of the Smethport High School will hold their Commencement exercises next week. There are sixteen in the class of 1912, which speaks well for the work of the students and faculty of our schools.

On Sunday evening the Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by Rev. J. W. McGavern at the Methodist Episcopal church, commencing at 7:30. Owing to the serious illness of the Rev. J. F. Dugan's father, this sermon has been changed as above stated.

The Class Day exercises will be held at the Smethport Lyceum, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and the program is as follows:

President's Address, Harold Day.
Salutatory, (2nd honor), Helen Hamilton.
Prophecy (Boys), Helen McGowan.
Growler, Grace Schoolar.
Oration, Ralph White.
Will, Florence Apple.
Music, Flossie Freeman.
Artist, Golda Schoonmaker.
Essay, Marjorie Gleason.
Prophecy (Girls), Elvin Burlingame.
Donor, Ruth Hungerford.
Advice to Juniors, Edith Ottoson.
Junior Response, Leona Hogarth.
Poem, Edwin Kohl.
History, Christel Comes.
Music, Ellinorah Colegrove.
Valedictory (1st honor), William Brainerd.

The Commencement exercises will be held at the Smethport Lyceum on Tuesday evening, and a general admission fee of 25 cents for adults and 15 cents for children will be charged. No reserved seats. The program follows:

Music, Carmena (Wilson), High School Chorus.
Prayer, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke.
Music, Beautiful World (Frantzl), Santa Lucia (Page), Double Quartette.
Address, Rev. A. B. McCormick, Central Presbyterian church, New Castle, Pa.
Music, Paul Revere's Ride (Busch), High School Chorus and Soloist.
Presentation of Diplomas, Dr. John Clark, president of Board of Education.
Music, Faithful and True (Wagner), Double Quartette.
Benediction, Rev. W. A. Harris.

ANDREWS MURDER CASE.

Commonwealth Rests—Defense Begins—Rice's Testimony.

The murder trial of John M. Andrews at Erie, for the murder of Emile Amann at Warren, is expected to be finished the last of this week or the first of next. The Commonwealth rested its case on Wednsday and the defense has opened its case.

Much of the testimony is practically the same as it was in the previous trial at Warren about a year ago, but the testimony of Clarence Rice, a cab driver, was the sensation of this trial. He was called by the Commonwealth on Tuesday and swore that on the night of the murder he saw William Messenger, the only witness to John Andrews' hurried flight down Bunker Hill, pass along Liberty street. Rice drove a hack on that eventful night and stood for some time in front of the DeFrees home. In his testimony he swore that Messenger did not pass while he was standing there. He now swears that he did see Messenger and that he was led into his first denial of that truth by drink and money given him by Counsel D. U. Arird, for the defense. "You had a great deal of influence over me then, Mr. Arird," he said from the witness stand. Influenced by drink and $15 in money given him by Mr. Arird he swore falsely at the former trial. Counsel Arird made no attempt to deny the charge of the money giving.

Rice claims his change of heart is due to the fact that he has given up drink and several months ago he was converted and joined the Methodist church at Centerville, Crawford county, where he now lives. He told his minister of his false testimony at the trial and the latter advised him to do the right thing. The minister sat in court to-day while Rice testified. Rice's confession is a vindication, in a way, of William Messenger, the aged man who swore he saw and recognized Andrews under the electric light at Sixth and Liberty streets in Warren.

Brasted's is the place to get Potted Plants and Cut Flowers for Decoration Day.

MRS. McGOWAN DIES IN BUFFALO LAST THURSDAY

Death Follows Operation in General Hospital There.

FUNERAL HELD HERE ON SUNDAY

She Was a Highly Esteemed and Lovable Woman—Leaves Husband and Seven Children—Beautiful Floral Tributes—Burial in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Mrs. James McGowan died at the general hospital in Buffalo last Thursday evening, as the result of an operation she had undergone for gall stones the previous week, and when the news reached Smethport that this estimable woman had passed away it cast a deep shadow of sadness over a wide circle of her friends here.

At first it was thought that the operation was going to be successful for she improved for a time, but on Wednesday evening she had a bad spell and her eldest daughter, Miss Emogene, hastened to her bedside on Thursday morning and was with her at the time of her death. James, who is attending Allegheny College at Meadville, arrived there a short time after her death.

Miss Anna Hoeumson was born in Holland, Sweden, on February 17, 1866, and was therefore in her 47th year of life. In 1873 she, with her family, came to this country and located at Wilcox. Later she came to Smethport and met James McGowan, whom she married in October, 1886, at Cuba, N. Y., and to them were born seven children, four boys, namely, George, James, Charles and Leonard, and three daughters, Emogene, Helen and Anna, all of whom survive with their father to mourn the loss of a kind, loving, indulgent and noble wife and mother.

For a number of years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. McGowan lived in the Ormsby oil field, but about ten years ago they moved to Smethport.

During her residence here Mrs. McGowan has won a host of loving friends by her kind and loving spirit and her many noble traits, both in and out of her home. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal church and a member of the local Grange, and notwithstanding the fact that she was a busy and constant worker in her home she found time to do much good work in these organizations. Although a very busy woman she was always ready to help in any worthy cause and many a stricken family has known her kindly ministration. Her warm heart and genial manner, combined with an unfailing and irresistible fund of humor made her a delightful companion in joy, and in sorrow she showed an unfailing tenderness and sympathy.

The remains were brought to the family home Friday night and the funeral was held from the Baptist church on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the Rev. J. W. McGavern of the Methodist Episcopal church officiating. The funeral was largely attended and the floral offerings were unusually numerous and beautiful. The Methodist choir furnished the music. The honorary bearers were Hon. J. W. Bouton, George W. Mitchell, W. P. Walsh and H. C. Wells. The active bearers were Hon. R. W. Hilton, S. W. Hubbard, Oscar Engstrom, D. M. Cooper, F. L. Sherburne and W. F. Specht.

Among those present from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Engstrom and family and Mrs. Clara Stuart, of Kane; Mrs. John Peterson and daughter of Wilcox; Harry Wheeler of Wheeling, W. Va., and Mrs. W. E. Scott and Miss Mary Conwell of Simpson.

The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery, there to await the resurrection of the just.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

I do bicycle repairing of all kinds. shop under Monheimer's store.
1t WM. STILSON.

Leave your orders for potted plants at Brasted's.

RICHESON ELECTROCUTED.

Paid Penalty for Murder of Avis Linnell Tuesday Morning.

Clarence V. T. Richeson has paid the penalty for the murder of Avis Linnell. The former clergyman was electrocuted at 12:17 Tuesday morning in the Charlestown, Mass., prison.

The condemned man went to the electric chair with more firmness and courage than had been expected by those who had observed him for the past few weeks. He had spent his last hours in seeking spiritual consolation in the bible and in conversation with his spiritual advisers who were in almost constant attendance up to the last moment.

The current was turned on at 12:10. Richeson was pronounced dead at 12:17.

Early Monday evening Chaplain Stebbins, after leaving the condemned man, said:

"Richeson is wholly resigned to his fate. He has made what peace he can with his Maker during his last hours and deep down in my heart I feel that he will face the final court truly penitent and will full realization of his terrible crime. He is back in the fold and with no malice or criticism in his heart for any one. Richeson will go to the chair as a man who knows and is glad, in spite of the dreadfulness of it, of the opportunity to face his Maker."

The chaplin did not tell, however, of the nerve racking experience he and Dr. Johnson had with the condemned man before they succeeded in having him resign himself to his fate. Only when they had reminded him that he was once a minister and ought to show a sublime faith in the hereafter, did the man announce that he was ready to face the ordeal of legal death without flinching.

Through all of Monday Richeson either prayed, sang hymns or recited psalms. In the evening he swallowed some broth. At 10 o'clock the prison barber came in to shave him. Guards held Richeson while this was being done.

CHANGE OF VENUE.

Austin Dam Cases Will Not be Tried in Potter County.

In the case of the Commonwealth against George C. Bayless and Fred N. Hamlin, charged with manslaughter, a change of venire has been granted, says the Potter Enterprise.

The Supreme Court handed down its decision last Friday and all proceedings in this court has been ordered stopped.

As yet it is not known where these cases will be tried but possibly in Bradford county. This matter has been submitted to the attorneys and if they agree, it will go where they decide, otherwise the Supreme Court will designate a place. The attorneys for the defendants will doubtless ask that the trial be held in some county where the details of the Austin dam have not been the absorbing subject of conversation since the afternoon of September 30th, 1911, and where the people have no fixed opinion as to the cause of the disaster and who was to blame therefor; also as far as possible from the section where are located intimate friends and relatives of those who lost loved ones or property in the awful destruction of that terrible calamity. On the other hand the Commonwealth will want the trial as near as possible on account of the additional cost it will make to have it elsewhere. It will be expensive to transport a large number of witnesses and care for them, as many of them will not be able to pay their own expenses.

Attorney Seth McCormick of Williamsport, of counsel for the defendants, presented the argument and affidavits in favor of the change while District Attorney Nelson approved the motion. The affidavits for the defense were procured and prepared by Lewis, Jones & Lewis.

No one knows now when or where these important cases will now be tried.

"FARM RIGHT" DYNAMITE.

This Explosive Is a Great Help in Modern Farming.

A demonstration of farming with dynamite will be given at the County Home on Wednesday afternoon of next week by the Keystone National Powder Company of Emporium, Pa. The demonstration will last nearly all afternoon and should be largely attended by those most interested. Daly & Garlick are the local agents here.

OHIO FOR "TEDDY."

Roosevelt Has 32 of the 42 District Delegates—Taft Has 10.

Columbus, O., May 22.—Theodore Roosevelt, according to returns from 4,500 or the 5,192 precincts in Ohio, carried the state in yesterday's primaries by a plurality of approximately 25,000. Figures to-night show that Roosevelt has 32 of the 42 district delegates selected and that President Taft has the remaining 10.

The Roosevelt strength in the battle yesterday was not confined to any particular section or to any class of citizens. He carried the Hocking valley, with its industrial and mining districts as well as some of the oldest and most conservative country sections in the state. The farmers almost to a man were for the Oyster Bay statesman, probably on account of Taft's position on reciprocity as Ohio is close to the Canadian border.

The matter of the delegates at large will not be settled until the state convention is held on June 3.

Commenting upon the Ohio result, the Colonel said:

"The victory in Ohio settles the contest. I believe that we could have won without Ohio, but our opponents needed a substantially solid vote in order to give them a chance to make a contest at the Chicago convention."

Discussing the possibility of the Taft forces starting a contest to oust his delegates at Chicago, he said: "The victory in Ohio means that it will be hopeless for them to try to do that at Chicago by unseating our delegates, who represent the popular will in Washington, Indiana, Kentucky and elsewhere; nor will it be possible for them to try to win by stealing delegates from southern states, who represent nothing whatever but fraud."

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

C. N. Lind Ends His Life at Mt. Jewett Last Friday.

This community was startled at an early hour this (Friday) morning by the news that C. N. Lind, one of the oldest residents of Mt. Jewett, had shot himself to death at his home in the west end of the borough, using a .32 calibre revolver, the muzzle of which he had placed just back of his right temple, says the Mt. Jewett Herald.

In addition to his wife, Gust Elander, Peter Berg and Adolph Bextrom, who boarded with the Linds, were in the house at the time. Mrs. Lind was busily engaged in the kitchen preparing breakfast for Elander, who had arranged to go to work, while the other two men were in bed. When the shot rang out Elander, at the suggestion of Mrs. Lind, rushed to the bed room, there to find the body of Lind lying on the bed with the smoking weapon in his hand. He at once ran for a physician, and locating Dr. H. M. Cleveland, who hurried to the scene, Lind was found to be breathing his last, never regaining consciousness.

C. N. Lind was a man of good presence, and of more than ordinary ability. But he had acquired the drink habit, and for years has been a steady and heavy drinker, with the result that it undermined his system, and eventually his intellect.

He was in his 61st year, and for 35 years at least, has been a resident of this locality, and for about 30 years a resident of Mt. Jewett. He is survived by his wife, and one brother, John Nelson, of Kushequa.

Coroner Sherman visited Mt. Jewett to-day for the purpose of inquiring into the manner in which C. N. Lind came to his death, and after viewing the premises, interrogating those most nearly concerned, determined an inquest to be unnecessary.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

Of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R.
Smethport, Pa.
May 20, 1912.

1. Comrades, you will assemble at our Post Room, Sunday, May 26th, at 2:30 p. m., in uniform, to attend Memorial services at the Baptist church.

2. You will also meet at the Post Room, Thursday, May 30th, at 2:30 o'clock, in full uniform, to observe Memorial Day. All old soldiers not members of this Post are cordially invited to meet with us.

By Command,
E.R. MAYO,
H. M. CHOATE, Commander.
Adjutant.

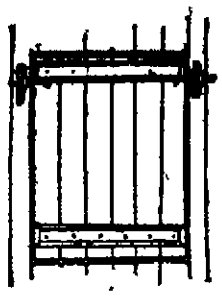
Cut Flowers and Potted Plants for Decoration Day at Brasted's.

LIVE STOCK

STORM DOOR FOR HOG HOUSE

Animals Will Soon Learn Way to Get Out or In—Slatted Affair Used in Summer.

Here is a storm door for a hog house that has given me fine results, says a writer in the Missouri Valley Farmer. Make your door fit the opening and staple loosely an old andgate rod under the top cross piece. Then put up a bracket on each side for the ends of the rod For summer,



A Double Action Hog Door.

a slatted door may be made on the same plan To teach the hogs how to operate the door, prop it up and drive them in, then let drop in place. They will soon find their way out and a few more trials will teach them to open it coming or going

JUDGE SHEEP FOR ITS WOOL

Portion Just Over Animal's Heart Bears Finest Fleece, While Coarsest Is Over Thigh.

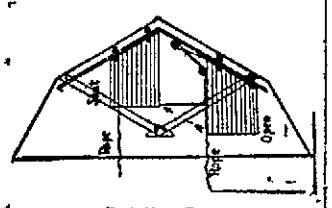
To judge sheep for wool production one should remember that the long wool breeds show coarser fiber than those of the short wools, says an Oregon bulletin This coarseness should not be allowed to become extreme The fleece should be thick and clean, the fiber strong, bright and free from dark or greased spots In the medium wools a thicker fleece is desirable—thickness sufficient to turn rain The fibers as in the long wools, should be relatively long, clean, lustrous and contain an abundance of grease

To examine a fleece, the portion just over the heart is noted to discover the finest wool and that on the thigh the coarsest There should be as little difference in the fleece on these parts as possible To open the fleece, place hands palm down on the fleece and, pushing down slightly pull the hands apart This breaks the fleece without tearing If the fleece is heavy it breaks on a smoother line than if light when the fibers are quite likely to be intertangled

HAY DOOR IN BARN IS HANDY

When Put in Right They Are Sure to Give Entire Satisfaction and Cannot Go Wrong.

W C Hollen of Decatur county, Iowa, furnishes the accompanying sketch and plan for a handy hay door, says the Homestead The illustration shows one door open in order to show how the ropes are arranged The V shaped lines are wind guards two by four blocked out and bolted to rafters at top and a two-inch block at bottom The stop block at hip stops the trucks These doors should be made nine feet wide and nine feet long in



End Hay Door

two pieces each piece four and one-half feet wide If these doors are put up right they should give absolute satisfaction and can't go wrong They can easily be handled by one man

Protect Sheep From Dogs

A Minnesota farmer says that he keeps dogs away from his flock by putting up in his pasture the dummy of a man holding a stick for a gun This dummy is taken down every morning and put up again in the evening at different places from night to night. He says a sheep-killing dog will not go near enough to the dummy to discover that it is a bogus man

Sheep should be protected from dogs at night by putting them into the sheep barn or inclosing them in fine weather by a high barb wire fence.

Every sheep owner who discovers a stray dog on his place should not hesitate to fill him full of buckshot. He is a trespasser and the law will not touch a man who kills him

To Balance Ration.

Where corn is extensively fed, either in silage or as ground feed, some such feed as bran, oil meal, cottonseed meal, clover or alfalfa hay is needed to balance it.

DRAFT HORSE IS PROFITABLE

Breeding of Animal Has Come to Be a Money-Making Adjunct to Diversified Farming.

The breeding of the draft horse has come to be a very profitable adjunct to diversified farming, and at no time during the last fifteen or twenty years has the price been higher for good draft and heavy farm horses.

While the automobile may, to a certain extent, have replaced the horses for city delivery, writes George P. Grout of the Minnesota station, still the bulk of the farm work is done with horses, and the prices for good stock are as high or higher than ever There is not the demand for medium quality and light weight horses that there used to be, but good, smooth draft and heavy farm horses are bringing good prices

There is little reason why the farmer should not continue to raise horses of this kind, since brood mares and stallions, too, for that matter—will produce stronger and better colts for having been kept steadily at work on the farm.

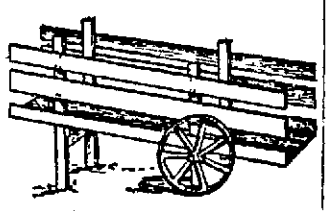
On the home farm we have raised some of the cleanest, best colts and worked the mares right along There are certain conditions under which it does not seem to be practical to put the breeding stock into harness, but on many farms these conditions are not met. Where a farmer must rely almost wholly on hired help to drive his teams, it may not be practicable to put pure-bred stock into harness If the farm boy shows an interest in horses, raise some good drafters

Put a good harness on them, and tell the boy this is his team to work, and there will be no question about the care they will get You will find the boy after a day's work out currying off the horses, making sure they are comfortable I speak from experience, and know that when these horses are offered for sale they will bring a good price

CHUTE FOR HOGS ON WHEELS

Device Is Easily Handled and May Be Placed Wherever It May Be Wanted for Use.

The sketch shows a handy hog chute on wheels which I have used for several years, writes John D Walter in the Farm and Fireside The uprights are of two-by fours, five feet high for upper end and four feet high for lower end The five-foot ones are placed one and one-half feet from end of chute, and the four foot ones are placed three feet from end The floor is one-inch oak lumber two and one-half feet wide inside, and is nailed on two-by fours, which are spiked to the uprights two feet six inches from bottom of uprights to floor at upper end, and at lower end fourteen inches from bottom of uprights to floor One-inch boards are nailed underneath the two by four where the floor is on Cleats are nailed on floor to keep hogs from slipping The wheels are from an old



Hog-Chute on Wheels.

corn planter and the axle is from an old cultivator arch The arch is fastened under the floor with wire This hog chute can be handled easily by taking hold of upper end You can shove it wherever you want it, and if it is any distance, just hook it behind a wagon, and it will come along

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Corn fodder is hardly as good for horses as kaffir corn

Young pigs are peculiarly subject to various kinds of intestinal worms

Colts and calves often develop small warts in large numbers about the face

Sore mouth will sometimes attack sheep in pens and run through the entire flock

There is a possibility of underfeeding an animal as well as overfeeding for best results

If your heart is in the right place you will see that your animals are made comfortable for the winter

Horses cannot now be grown as cheap as they were when land was half the price and grain half the price

A block dish built mare with a large barrel on short legs is likely to produce a better foal than the tall, leggy kind

Lambs that are four weeks old may be pushed rapidly for market by feeding oats and bran with some ground corn

The best ration for the steers depends largely on the weight of the steers, the feeds available and the prices of the same

Pure-bred cattle or other live stock are what they are largely because of the feed and care they and their ancestors have received

Do not deprive your steers of exercise for best results, as health and vigor are promoted where animals are allowed to move about

The old notion that cheap corn and swine disease are intimately connected one with the other has been pretty thoroughly exploded this year

One of the greatest mistakes made by mare owners is the frantic attempt to produce draft stock from light mares at first cross with big stallions

POULTRY

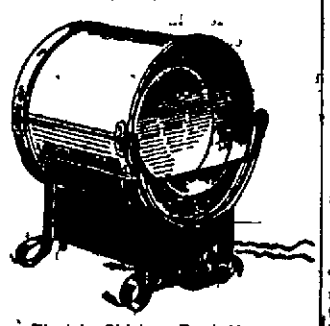
ELECTRICITY AN AID TO CHICKS

Not Only Assists in Warming Incubators, But Also Used for Warming Feed and Water.

The old joke about the efficiency of electric lights in making hens lay egg-actly twice as often by getting them to think that night is day,

Getting Warm Feed.

keeps going the rounds and finding new hearers Meanwhile electricity is proving a real aid to chicken raisers aside from its well known application to incubators, namely as a means for warming food and drink, says the Popular Electricity It is easier to inclose a pair of wires so that no chicken's claws can damage them than it is to arrange any sort of lamp or stove so that it will neither smoke nor upset under the ordinary conditions of the chicken farm The amount of heat required to take the chill off either bran or water is quite small, and the result is not only an increase in the rate of laying, but also a prevention of ailments that can be traced directly to the eating of frozen food In either case the vessel holding the food or drink can be separable from the base containing the heating coil, and where only a part of the liquid is exposed, the heat can be



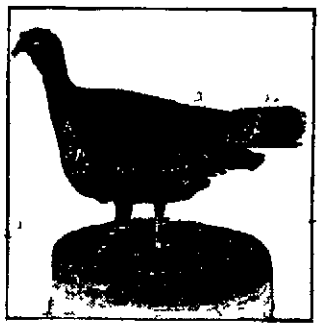
Electric Chicken Food Heater.

concentrated on this portion so as to keep the current used down to an almost nominal amount.

SECURE GOOD TURKEY FLOCK

Surest and Quickest Way Is to Discard All Mongrels and Buy Trio of Pure Breds.

The surest and quickest way to get a flock of good turkeys is to discard all the mongrels and get a trio of pure bred turkeys of the best blood you can afford But, however well bred your females may be you will be required to purchase a tom every year to prevent inbreeding Turkeys are more susceptible to the harmful



An English Pure Bred.

results of inbreeding than any other class of fowls This works disaster to a flock Inbred turkeys will be apt to produce infertile eggs But where a pure bred tom is purchased every year your birds will be strong and healthy and the eggs fertile and the poults vigorous

Providing Fresh Air.

Birds are so constituted by nature that they require an abundance of fresh air for health and vigor They never do well with a limited supply of air. For this reason all coops and boxes in which poultry of any kind is kept in the summer should be as open as possible

Let the roof be tight to protect from rain, but at least one side be open for the admission of fresh air at all times The open side may be protected by wire cloth or other material that will let in air, but keep out rats, etc

Raising Vigorous Ducks.

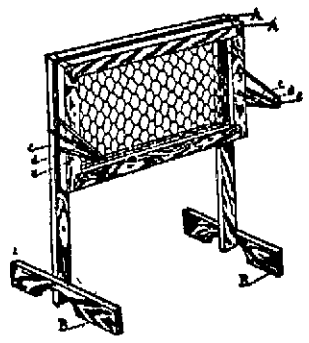
To raise the best and most vigorous ducks the males should not be related to the females and one drake should be kept for every two or three ducks After hatching keep in their pens until the ducks are off and during cold storms and heavy rains

GREEN FOOD IS EXCELLENT

Ingenious Hopper Keeps Chard, Beet Tops, Etc., Off of Ground—Device Easily Made.

(From the Garden Magazine)

In feeding green food to poultry, we should see that it is not wasted or contaminated. A few handfuls of green stuff, if thrown loosely into the ordinary hen yard speedily becomes so befouled that hens will not eat it A man who is handy with tools may construct a green food hopper in a short time in this way Out of rough strips of board make two frames (A and A) 12 by 26 inches, and cover each one with ordinary chicken wire Frame A should have its sides projected so that they meet the cross pieces B and B The cross pieces should be 13 or 14 inches long so that the holder may not easily be upset. In joining the various pieces of wood, screws will usually be found to be more satisfactory than nails as they are less likely to split the wood Frame A should then have two pieces of straight iron or heavy wire (c and c) driven into its sides about two-thirds of the distance from its upper edge so as to project through holes in the frame A This will allow one frame A to be pulled or shoved away from the other Bend heavy pieces of wire or iron into a V-shape (d and d) and drive them into the frame A so that they project six or eight inches beyond the sides. Strong springs (e and e) should then be fastened at one



Keeps Food Off of Ground.

end to the bend in the V-shaped piece of iron or wire and at the other end to the frame A as indicated in the drawing. Soldering is the best way of fastening the spring to the wire Chard, beet tops, slices of cabbage or beets may then be put between the frames which will hold them safely until devoured

FEEDING HOT CORN TO HENS

Should be Supplemented With Wheat and Oats—Fowls Also Like Their Water Heated a Trifle.

If the hens are fed hot corn for supper, they will go to bed happy these cold winter nights Feed it just as hot as they can eat it comfortably Shell some in the baking pan and stir and heat in the oven

As the weather grows colder, increase the supply of corn It is a heating food But never feed it alone A good grain mixture for winter is two parts of whole corn one part each wheat and oats all well mixed

Many hens never know what it is to be comfortable from one end of the winter to the other, except on a day when it thaws You cannot expect hens to do well under such conditions To do well they must be comfortable

The worst thing is to make poultry drink ice-cold water They must warm that water before the work of digestion can go on again Warm the water for them—not hot, but just comfortably warm

POULTRY NOTES

Clean out the house and put in fresh litter

Take care of your poultry and it will take care of you

Capons should not be killed until their crops are empty

Spray a weak coal tar solution over the chickens on the roosts

Dunghill fowls, like incompetent labor, is not worth having around

Color the drinking water of all fowls pink with permanganate of potash

No successful poultry plant was ever established with mongrel stock

Thoroughbred fowls like skilled labor, are sure to create a profit for the farm

Simply because an egg is fertile is no guarantee of it hatching out a chick

Before packing and shipping poultry should be thoroughly dry and cool but not frozen

Many of the fowls in this country are fed only enough to keep them alive and growing

Exercise is great for hens Give them a chance to get out in the fresh air every day of their lives

Poultry should be well fed and watered and then kept from 18 to 24 hours without food before killing

Cleaning roost rooms is too much neglected Some farmers do not clean them oftener than once a year

Oats is one of the best of grains for feeding fowls and should constitute a part of every grain mixture we feed

To check its progress in the flock, separate the diseased chickens from the others and place them in a clean airy coop

It is possible to raise turkeys in pens just as chickens are raised but the business cannot yet be said to be other than precarious

His Time-Saving Plan

I rarely read a letter through," Grampell has said many times If it is from a girl, I can always gather from the first three lines what she is going to tell me, and I let the imagination do the rest. This plan works particularly well if the letter is in reply to an invitation. If I see that the note is short I know she accepts. If it is long I know she can't go and is wasting four pages explaining why Usually I don't care why—and think of all the time I save by not reading explanations!"

Grampell found his plan excellent when it came to dealing with Jeanette Tripps. She was an especially nice girl, but she possessed a superabundance of language. Jeanette always took 500 words to tell one 10 words of news and when she had paper and pen before her she rioted in her verbal wealth. It was after she wrote Grampell six large pages conveying the regretful news that she was unable to go to the theater that he inaugurated his plan. Grampell never did more than tear open the envelopes of Jeannette's notes If the writing was of formidable length he merely threw it into the waste paper basket and asked himself "Who'll I ask now to go with me?"

Grampell invited Jeanette to join an opera party recently and when her answer came he knew it was short before he opened it.

Good!" he murmured pulling out the sheet He lingered over throwing it away, because for some reason of late Jeanette had grown to interest him a good deal But Grampell hates to break a habit. There were about six lines on the front page and he tossed the missive away cheerfully

It was eight o'clock when Grampell in full regalia drew up at Jeanette's house and mounted the steps The maid delivered her message as soon as she opened the door Miss Tripps," she recited, "said when you came you were to go to Mrs Smith's if you please."

"Oh," said Grampell blankly Then he decided that she must be dining out. The only Smiths who gave dinners were the Algernon Smiths, and they lived 20 blocks away

Three policemen strained their voices shouting after Grampell's taxi as he shot through the streets He was host at the opera party and would be late as it was Dashing up the steps of the Algernon Smiths on whom he had not a calling acquaintance Grampell was ushered in From the dining room came the click and hum of a large dinner party Presently Smith appeared He was polite but decidedly curious Most evidently he could not recall having invited Grampell to dine Also Miss Tripps was not there

It was very awkward Grampell had the consciousness that Smith would tell the servants immediately on his departure to watch the upstairs windows and the silver safe. Once outside Grampell wiped his wet brow and gazed wildly about in the cold night Where in creation was Jeanette? Finding a drug store he chilled up her house Nobody was at home The maid he had talked with was out. The other maid didn't know anything about it.

Grampell arrived at the theater pale and melted as to collar and he slunk down to his block of six seats like a criminal The four persons already there greeted him with becoming hauteur and said: "Sh!" when he agonizedly started to apologize

Something was happening on the stage, but Grampell never knew what it was He was picturing the wrath of Jeanette waiting hopelessly waiting for him at some mythical Smiths'. Waiting and growing to hate him Then the curtain fell and the lights went up

Directly across the aisle from him, two rows down, sat Jeanette! Turning her head she saw him and smiled sweetly It was not at all a look of indignation Jeanette's mind seemed quite at peace Grampell reached her side in three strides

"Where were you?" he inquired, "Why didn't you wait for me? And what Smiths were you at"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the young woman Didn't you get my letter? I wrote you that I had already promised to go to the opera tonight The Smiths? That was a message I left for the superintendent of my mission—he was to go to the Smiths for some books we had collected for the children. Isn't the music lovely tonight?"

Ancient Fountain Pen.

An illustration of an "everlasting" pen found with description in a manuscript dated 1725 and signed by Sieur Bion, "purveyor to the king and maker of mathematical instruments," Paris, appears in "Popular Mechanics." Like the modern fountain pen, it was made with three principal pieces The central section contained the ink, which flowed to the pen through a perforation. The lower cap had a threaded rod in its center, which closed the perforation in the ink container when screwed into place. The upper end of the ink container was closed by a threaded cap provided with a lead pencil point covered by still another cap

Sugar for Horses.

Good results are said to have been obtained in France from the feeding of sugar to overworked horses Excessive strain and constant exhaustion as a result of slippery roads were lessened in those animals which were fed sugar daily Some horses rendered unfit for service by overwork were restored to normal strength by a liberal mixture of sugar with their feed.—Our Dumb Animals Magazine.

Professional Cards

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ATTORNEY AT LAW All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

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All legal business given prompt and careful attention

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
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Calls answered promptly day or night.
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Office at Residence at corner of King and Washington streets.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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Dentist
HOURS { 8 30 to 12 / 1.30 to 5
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SMETHPORT, - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop
E. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated, its rooms are light and airy, its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked

CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords First class in every respect Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
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in a satisfactory manner

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

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MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
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Armstrong's Rellable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

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Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

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In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

BOYS! THIS BALL GLOVE AND THE BOYS' MAGAZINE (6 MONTHS) **50c**

We will also include without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money," by Walter Camp, editor The Boys' Magazine. Each issue of this magazine is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps, Coins, Codes, Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This baseball glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers of the finest tan leather, felt padded, web thumb, and deep pocket. We absolutely guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the glove, magazine and book.

Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today.

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 925 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all news-stands. 10c a copy.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 23, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The country roads are improving quite rapidly.

—Read the new advertisement of Daly & Garlick.

—Come to Smethport to celebrate the Fourth of July.

—Read the grocery advertisement of H. J. Ellsworth in this issue.

—H. C. Wells tells you something about toilet articles in his advertisement in this issue.

—Cecil Metzgar brought in a fine basket of trout Tuesday evening which he caught on Robbins brook.

—Mrs. C. W. Shattuck entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Union street yesterday afternoon.

—Farmers are unusually busy at this time with their planting. The late opening of spring has put all kinds of farm work behind.

—Dealer's automobile license number 2993 and tail lamp were found near here a few days ago. Owner can have same by inquiring at the Wright House.

—The local lodge of Odd Fellows will participate in the Memorial Day parade in a body. The members are requested to meet at their hall at 1 o'clock.

—A demonstration of "Farming With Dynamite" will be given at the County Home farm on Wednesday afternoon, May 29. All are invited. See advertisement in another column.

—We have been requested to correct the statement made by our Farmers Valley correspondnt to the effect that all of J. J. Smith's garden plants were frosted. Mr. Smith has a large quantity of onions, cabbage, tomato and celery plants that are growing nicely.

—The Montrose Republican rises to remark: If you want to "serve the people" it isn't necessary to run for an office. Work hard, attend to your own business, and pay your bills, on the first of the month. Follow that plan and you will be more popular than any statesman, and you will have less grief.

—At the meeting of the Grand Circle of Pennsylvania P. H. C. at Uniontown last week, Williamsport was chosen as the place for the next meeting. C. M. Colegrove of this place was chosen as one of the delegates to attend the Supreme Circle meeting to be held in Washington, D. C., in May, 1913.

—A number of ladies in this place and vicinity will organize a Woman's Christian Temperance Union on Monday next. The meeting will be held in the chapel of the M. E. church at 2 o'clock and at the Union church, East Smethport, in the evening. All ladies who are interested in the work are requested to be present and become members if they so desire.

—Services at the Baptist church for Sunday, May 26: Morning preaching at 10:30 o'clock; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Memorial services at 3 p. m. Subject "A two-fold Loyalty." No evening services. All are cordially invited to come. J. Booth, pastor.

—It is as plain as A. B. C. to notice the saving on good merchandise as advertised by Monheimer in to-day's issue. Read his advertisement.

—It is rumored that some fishermen have been using dynamite in the streams in this section and local game wardens in this vicinity are making a strenuous effort to locate the parties who have been doing this work. No real sportsman would think of using such methods to procure fish and we earnestly hope that if anyone has been guilty of such methods they will be apprehended and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

—Under a recent ruling of the State Highway Department, every person who drives a car, except the owner, must have a driver's license. The Department will not issue a special license to anyone under the age of sixteen years. This means that neither a son or daughter of the owner of a car, nor any employe at a garage, can drive a car without first having secured a driver's license. If they do so they are liable to arrest and fine.

—Bradford Era of Wednesday: Coroner Sherman was notified yesterday afternoon of the death of William Hall, a well known resident of Coleville. Mr. Hall was about 70 years of age and lived alone. He was in Bradford on Monday and was apparently in his usual health. Yesterday afternoon, however, he dropped dead from heart disease. Coroner Sherman drove to Coleville and made some inquiries relative to the sudden death. Heart disease was given as the cause.

—At a meeting of the Smethport School Board held on Thursday of last week, Miss Uhland of Dickinson college, was elected as teacher of German and English to succeed Miss Margaret Curtis. Miss LaVieve Worster of Smethport, was elected as teacher of music and drawing to succeed Miss Orra Gleason, and Miss Hazel Lemmler of Eldred, was elected to a position in the grades. We understand that all the other teachers of the year just closing have been hired for another year.

—One of the largest mortgages ever placed on record in McKean county was recorded the first of this month by Recorder Choate, at Smethport, when a mortgage for $2,791,000, given by the American Window Glass Co. to the Commonwealth Trust Co., of Pittsburgh, was placed on record. The mortgage covers the various plants of the company. It is placed on record in all counties where property is covered. It is understood that the purpose of the loan is to pay off indebtedness and make necessary improvements.

—Evidently Editor Laymon of the Reporter is being annoyed by that despicable brand of person known as the anonymous letter writer. Mr. Laymon says: The person who mailed an anonymous card to this office this week, whether man or woman, is a liar and a coward. First, that the statement set forth is untrue and that he or she knows it to be untrue. Second, a person who will write an anonymous communication to a newspaper or an individual, is a coward.

—A rather simple looking lad halted before a blacksmith shop on his way home from school and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you'll give me a half dollar I'll lick it," said the lad. The smith took from his pocket a half dollar and held it out. The simple looking youngster took the coin, licked it and slowly walked away whistling.—Ex.

MANILA'S OLD FORT

SANTIAGO WAS BUILT MORE THAN 300 YEARS AGO.

Key of City's Vast System of Defense Constructed by the Spaniards is Now Used as Military Headquarters.

A score of miles down the bay from Manila, right at the very front door of the archipelago, lies hidden on Corregidor Island a veritable hornet's nest of masked batteries. According to the Overland Monthly, these batteries make the Port Arthur implacements of yesterday seem like mere old-fashioned toys, and paper ones at that.

The Gruson turrets, made of concrete and steel and sunk on rock foundations, natural or artificial, in the deep, resembling huge gray turtles sticking up out of the water with protruding gun barrels for necks, occupy El Fraile and other small islets in the vicinity, while old hump-backed Corregidor is covered from crest to shore line with guns, a honeycomb of underground cement tunnels, pits and runways, wireless equipment, electrical apparatus, searchlights and other contrivances to aid in repelling an enemy.

When it comes to age and romantic history, however, old Fort Santiago is far ahead of Corregidor. Manila's walled city, a town in itself, consisting of several city blocks with paved streets, business houses and large dwellings is surrounded by a stone wall about thirty feet high and from thirty to forty feet thick.

The walls once were skirted on the outside by a deep moat, filled with water having drawbridges at the various gates. Most if not all of the moat has now been filled in, but no doubt the walls will stand for years if for no other reason than for their historical interest.

Of this vast yet crude system of defense Fort Santiago stands as the key. What the Tower of London is to England, what the Vatican is to Rome, what the Bunker Hill monument is to the United States, Fort Santiago is to the Philippine Islands.

The Spanish invaders made Manila their headquarters in 1571 and began to fortify it about twenty years later. The first stone construction was the circular wall, which is still standing. Since the American occupation of the fort its armament has been taken away and the buildings within the parks have been converted into barracks and storerooms.

Commodious office buildings have been erected on top of the walls along and overlooking the Pasig, and here the commanding general of the Philippine division has his headquarters. In one of the beautiful parks within the fort is located the military arsenal, with its big steam and electric workshops.

Some of the maps and plans of the fort are now in the British museum, in London, where they were carried after the British conquest of Manila. The fort, mostly in its present form, has stood for 300 years. There are all sorts of stories floating about concerning secret chambers in the walls and wings.

So far as the secret chambers are concerned, there is some truth in the rumors. The filling of the old moat closed many of the entrances to these chambers, probably forever. When the wall in Calle Aduana was removed, an inner chamber was found filled with human skeletons.

Natives have a wholesome terror of the old place, and absolutely no desire to see anything below the surface of the thick old walls. Americans who, with electric lamps, have started explorations have given up, owing to the foul air, crumbling passages and other hindrances.

Only three flags have flown above Fort Santiago. For 328 years the Spanish ensign was unfurled to the tropic breeze, except for the brief time the British flag supplanted that of the rightful lords. The hoisting of the third flag is well known to all Americans.

Waging a War.

Fourteen million dollars was spent in this country last year in the war against tuberculosis. In comparison with the small amounts expended for the same purpose only a few years ago this sum seems vast. In reality, it is not nearly so large as it should be. The organized effort now being made in every state of the Union to stamp out tuberculosis is commonly referred to as a war, and quite properly so. It is a war waged against an insidious enemy that takes greater toll of life than is taken in actual warfare. Yet in these days $14,000,000 would not go far in financing even the smallest of real wars that may come. Why should we not spend more in carrying on a great war which is already here and which has as its objective something more important than the acquisition of territory or the protection of the honor of a king?

Electric Fans Prevent Frost.

To the long list of the means heretofore proposed of protecting fields, orchards, and vineyards against frost a new one has recently been added by a French scientist. He points out the fact that frosts are not feared when the wind blows; he is thus led to suggest the creation of an artificial wind by the installation of electric fans among the plants to be protected. He considers this plan applicable chiefly to vineyards, but also possibly useful in orchards.

No matter what car you use, be sure of the best gasoline.

The three famous Waverly Gasolines—

76° — Special Motor

are best because they have no carbon deposits—the explosion is instantaneous, powerful, clean—the ignition is quick. No "natural" gasolines used in *Waverly*.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.

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FREE 200 Page Book—Tells All About Oil.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers to rider agents.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogues and study our superb models and the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single tube tires, imported puncture proof shields and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY* **$4.80**

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce our tires we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order $4.55).

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture-resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, because this remarkable tire offer

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory prices quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 23, 1912.

Floyd Allen, leader of the Carroll county gang which shot up the court house at Hillsville on March 14, causing the death of five persons, was last Friday found guilty of murder in the first degree. The verdict carries with it the penalty of death and he will be electrocuted. The specific charge on which Allen was tried was the murder of Prosecutor William L. Foster. Sentence will not be pronounced on Allen for the present. The prosecution wants to use Floyd Allen in the case of his sons, Claude and Victor, whose trial will start Monday.

A scathing arraignment of J. Bruce Ismay and the White Star line officials in New York, a stern denunciation of many members of the "pick up" crew of the Titanic, and sweeping charges of incompetency in the management of the line, will be made in the report of the special sub-committee appointed to investigate into the Titanic disaster by the United States Senate Tuesday morning. The report will be submitted by Chairman William Alden Smith of Michigan, who has labored almost incessantly since the afternoon he was dispatched to New York to meet the Carpathia and begin gathering facts first hand, says a Washington dispatch of yesterday.

A Washington dispatch dated May 21, says: The constitutional amendment for a six-year term for President with ineligibility for re-election, was favorably reported to the Senate today from the committee on judiciary. The report was written by Senator Cummins, a candidate for the nomination. It was devoid of arguments for the resolution and was subscribed only to put the proposal before the Senate in the ordinary parliamentary channel. Senator Works will attempt to amend the resolution to make the vice-president in the prohibition against a second term. It is believed that if permitted to come to a vote the resolution might prevail but a filibuster will be organized against it and because of the effort to bring the session to an end at an early day, a decisive vote is unlikely.

The negro uprising in Cuba is taking on serious proportions. A dispatch from Havana of Tuesday says: It is admitted that the negro uprising which first reared its head on Saturday, is serious, although the government claims to have the matter well in hand. Several regiments of troops in addition to the battalions already sent out are being held in readiness in this city to be dispatched to any point from which may come a call for help. The negroes are said to be well supplied with arms and ammunition of modern make. It is reported that money for the uprising is being supplied by interests having connections in the United States. A condition of insurgency exists among the negroes of Matanzas, Santa Clara and Oriente provinces, and the government is straining every nerve to stamp out the rebellion by the use of all the military forces at its disposal.

From Harrisburg comes the direful news that the Keystone party is now demanding substantial recognition from the bosses of the reorganized Democracy. In view of the fact that the men who were recently placed at the head of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania have for two years past been flirting with the Keystoners, one is led to believe that unless the demands of the office seeking progeny of the Mapes-Niles movement is recognized, there may follow a breach of promise suit. The Keystoners are quite modest in their demands for recognition. They want the Democratic candidate for auditor general to withdraw in favor of a Pittsburgher who for years has fought the Pennsylvania Democracy. They also demand that two candidates for congressmen-at-large slink into oblivion in order to give the Keystoners an opportunity of substituting two men who have never voted a Democratic ticket. On these conditions the Keystoners agree to support Mr. Berry for the office of state treasurer.—Bradford Era.

RELIEF COMMITTEE REPORT.

Total of $62,978.56 Received and Distributed in Austin.

The Austin Relief Association which distributed the contribution to the Austin flood sufferers has just issued a detailed statement telling how the money was spent. The itemized statement is published in pamphlet form and makes a booklet of forty-four pages exclusive of cover. According to the report of Rev. Geo. P. Donehoo, of Coudersport, the secretary, the sum of $62,978.56 was received in contributions and the total disbursements reached an equal amount.

The largest business losses as given in the report were: Baylees Co., $500,000; Goodyear Lumber Co., $300,000; B. & S. P., $100,000 and the Emporium Lumber Co., $35,000. Among the heaviest personal losses were S. Deiches, $48,000; Senator F. E. Baldwin, $31,408; Louis Nusche, $32,000; Lafayette Starkweather, $23,172; First M. E. church, $12,000; Catholic church $7,500 and the Presybterian church, $6,500.

The Red Cross report sums up the individual losses in this tabulation:

Under $100	36
Between $100 and under $500	85
Between $500 and under $1000	89
Between $1000 and under $2000	55
Between $5000 and under $10,000	17
Between $10,000 and under $20,000	3
Over $20,000	4

A conservative estimate would put the total property losses between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000 with the probability in favor of the smaller amount.

The members of the Association, says the report, would gladly have reimbursed every person who suffered a loss by the disaster, if there had been sufficient funds to do so. But, it can easily be seen that a fund of $60,000 could not begin to undo the damage resulting from a property loss of nearly $2,000,000.

The Association used the funds for the relief of the people of Austin and Costello, not to reimburse individuals or corporations for their losses. The assistance given to the Borough of Austin and to Portage township was not to reimburse these for their losses, but to make it possible for the people to live in these places. The assistance given was absolutely necessary for the welfare of Austin and Costello. If it had not been given the schools would have been obliged to close, and the people of Austin would have been without water and without fire protection.

Dr. Donehoo in his report says:

"To one who entered Austin after the dam had sent its water sweeping down the valley carrying death and destruction before the battering ram of pulp wood, the impression was one never to be forgotten. It is an strange that the first reports stated that the loss of life was about 1,000. One could not imagine how such a fearful flood could sweep over the most thickly settled portion of the town, sweeping it as clean as a plowed field, without destroying the greater number of those who lived on the devastated region. Between Jackson and Main street, over a mile, not a single house was left standing in the valley. Everything had been swept away; where once had stood churches, stores, homes, stood scattered piles of debris. Even the earth had been swept away down to the rocks. How any one lived through such a flood seems almost a miracle. Yet, the loss of life was comparatively small, when compared with the extent of the disaster and the property loss. One reason for this was due to the fact that the people living in the valley had warning of the breaking of the dam. About ten minutes must have passed after the breaking of the walls of the dam and the onrush of the water in the residence portion of the town. Several clocks were noticed by the writer in the debris on Main street, these had stopped at about 3:30 p. m. The dam broke at between 2:15 and 2:20 p. m. The blowing of the whistle at the Bayless Pulp mill, and telephone messages sent from various places near the dam saved hundreds of lives.

"The identified dead numbered 80. Besides these, 15 unidentified bodies were found, making in all 75 bodies which were found.

"The following persons lost their lives in the disaster, but have not been identified among the bodies found. Some of the bodies among the unidentified dead doubtless are of these persons.

"Mrs. Odam Broadt, aged 80 years; Mrs. J. E. Baldwin, mother of Senator Baldwin; Emma Donefrio, aged 7 years; Edward Fundator, aged 1 year; Virginia Donefrio, aged 5 years; Mrs. Helwig, aged 63 years; Joseph Donefrio, aged 3 years; Mrs. Olive McKinney, aged 42 years; Arnold Rennicks, aged 7 years; Sykes, "baby," 3 months.

"It will be noted that the number of women, who lost their lives in the disaster, is greatly in excess of the number of men who perished. This was due, in a measure, to the fact that the clothing of the women prevented them from getting over the fences at the foot of the hills, in time to escape the flood of water and pulp-wood. Some of the women were swept away by the flood when attempting to get over a barbed wire fence at the foot of the hill, to the rear of Turner street.

"It seems almost a miracle that so few children were lost in the awful tide of water and debris, which swept down the valley. The escape of some children borders on the wonderful. Another remarkable fact is that so few children were left without parents. The secretary had requests from all over the land for children under 10 years of age, who had been left homeless. Some of the appeals for children, from people in good circumstances, were sent to the various institutions for homeless children. Homes could have been found for hundreds of children under 10 years of age. The secretary could not find one child in Austin who had been rendered homeless and parentless by the flood.

"While the disaster was held enough, it would have been many times worse had the dam broken during the night time. The loss of life then would have been fearful. There were very few people injured in the disaster, strange as this may seem. All of the sick and injured were taken to the hospital, which fortunately stood on the hill above the town where they were cared for by Dr. E. H. Ashcraft and his assistants. The matron of the hospital, Miss Elizabeth Dorchester, with her assistant nurses, did everything to aid in this part of the work.

"Various estimates have been made of the property loss. Some of these are as high as $500,000. Nearly all of the published estimates have been too high. It is a very hard matter to arrive at a just estimate of the damage caused by the breaking of the dam. Many of the estimates given by individuals are entirely too high, being in some cases more than double the real value of the property lost.

"The Association, through the Red Cross committee, collected statistics, which are tabulated on the Red Cross disaster cards. It was the intention of the secretary to make a careful study of these statistics, for the purpose of including in his report a tabulated account of personal losses, number of children in each family, and other matters of interest to the public, but the work of the Association has just closed and there has been such an insistent demand for a report of the receipts and disbursements of money contributions, that it is utterly impossible to make this report as complete as it should be. Very few people seem to have any idea of the tremendous amount of work which has fallen to the lot of the executive officers.

"The Red Cross cards contain statistics concerning 321 different family and corporation losses. The number of individuals influenced being about 750. It has been impossible to get estimates of losses from several of the largest corporations. For information concerning these it has been necessary to rely upon the statements of the prominent business men of Austin."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., May 21.—(Special)—The consideration of the bill to provide for the administration of the Panama canal, which was begun in the House of Representatives on Thursday, opens a new chapter in the history of an undertaking in which the United States has succeeded where all others have failed. For many generations it has been the dream of far-seeing men to open a new pathway between the two oceans by cutting the strip of land which connects the continents of North and South America, and shortening, by weeks, the time ships must consume to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Tragic failure resulted from the efforts of the French government to build the Panama canal. Few lessons could be learned by our engineers and statesmen from studying French methods. Unknown difficulties had to be met and new plans devised for meeting them. It was done successfully and the fact that the opening of the canal is a tribute to the genius of America. The legislation now being considered must be enacted practically without precedent. Great problems must be solved, with little but reason and instinct to guide. Intricate and delicate matters of diplomacy as well as grave methods of administration must be decided. Congress has entered a new field in determining what it shall decide for the regulation of the Panama canal. The answer it will make is to mark a new epoch in United States history and the history of the world. Men of all nations as well as citizens of this country are listening to hear what determination is reached. The regulation of the Panama Canal is one of the most important pieces of legislation ever presented to the American Congress.

A curious accident occurred in the Capitol recently that is said to be the first instance of its kind. The House was holding a late session and the halls and chambers were brilliantly lighted with the usual electric bulbs. About five minutes after the hour of adjournment, the machinery that furnishes the electric current failed for some reason, and the entire Capitol was plunged into absolute darkness. Members who were on their way through the corridors were unable to proceed, and several rather violent collisions occurred. One member was being carried from floor to floor in the elevator, and the car stopped about half way down, thereby imprisoning the unlucky statesman. Pages, guards, policemen and clerks were summoned to find lights, and the members had to be guided through the almost stygian darkness by the smoky, flickering light from uncertain torches. It is not known what caused the sudden darkness, but the matter is being investigated.

"And that is not the only darkness that ought to be investigated in this Democratic House," remarked former Speaker "Uncle" Joe Cannon, who was one of the unfortunates that had to be rescued.

Congress apparently settled down to the conviction that no adjournment can take place earlier than August first. Plans for cooling the chambers of the Senate and House are therefore being made, in order to protect as much as possible from the rigors of the heated period the statesmen who must remain in Washington at a time when ordinarily they would be seeking the cool mountain resorts and the national playgrounds by the sea. Great exhaust fans are being installed which will exhaust the heated air from the chambers, it is said, every seven minutes, replacing it by air from the outside that has been conducted through vaults stored with tons of ice. The plan is supposed to furnish fresh cool air to the laboring representatives and senators of the people. Such measures are necessary, for the reason that both the House and Senate are entirely shut off by outside rooms from any immediate access to the outdoor air. Surmounted as they are by glass skylights on which the sun beats with all its power, these rooms would be unbearable if some such means were not resorted to make them more comfortable.

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In Farming With Dynamite
Will be held at the County Home
Wednesday, May 29th, at 1:30 p.m.
Clearing Land of Stumps and Boulders, Tree planting, Breaking up of subsoil, Hard pan, Draining wet land, and Orchard Regenerating will be shown by using
Keystone "Farm Right" Dynamite.
Our demonstration will show how easily and economically the work is accomplished.
Don't miss the demonstration Wednesday, May 29th at 1:30 p.m.
"FARM RIGHT" DYNAMITE
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DALY & GARLICK
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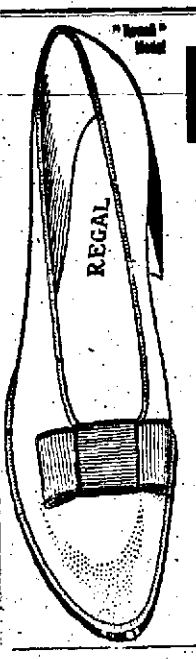
Wanted Blasters
to take up this agricultural work. Our demonstrator will be glad to give you full particulars.



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All Leathers
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Try on a Pair.
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THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey
Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.
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WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

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For Staining and Varnishing in one operation, also Graining, Staining and Varnishing.

Reproducing both grain and color of hardwood in either Gloss or Misson Finish.

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It belongs to the home of the people where

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Your money refunded if you can purchase the same groceries at less price, Chicago included.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

McKean County Miner

tered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 23, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

-Emil Thamm is having his home Mechanic street painted.

-"The Devil" will be the attrac- at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

-R. C. Sasse advertises cut flowers plants in this issue. Look up the ertisement.

-Go to the Lyceum to-morrow (Fri night and see the production of e Devil."

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George J. se, in New York city, on Friday, 17, 1912, a boy.

On account of Memorial Day, the er will be issued early Thursday ning on next week.

George Warner spent ten days rely at Bingham putting in a new rd of 400 trees for R. J. Straight radford.

Supervisor Charles Curtis is hav a guard rail placed on the dug between the C. D. Comes and k Burdick farms on the Colegrove

Port Allegany has given up the of celebrating the Fourth of July year. People in that vicinity ld all come to Smethport to have good time.

The I. O. O. F. Band will give a ert and the ladies will serve ice n and cake on Main street on vening of Memorial Day. Every should turn out and hear the and partake of the refresh s to help this organization in a ial way.

-The Smethport Fire Department will hold a special meeting at 8 o'clock Monday evening when matter pertaining to the Fourth of July celebration will be discussed. A large attendance is desired.

-Horace B. King, formerly of this place, has sent us an invitation to be present at the organization of a Moose Lodge at Winnipeg, Manitobia. He informs us that they have 3000 Moose in this new lodge.

-The auditorium of the Methodist church will be ready for occupancy next Sunday. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. In the evening a sermon will be preached to the graduating class of the Smethport High School.

-The Civic Club will hold its regular meeting in St. Luke's parish house on Monday evening next, when Capt. E. R. Mayo will address the club on "The Judicial Recall" and other kindred subjects. Refreshments will be served and a large attendance is expected.

-Naturalization court was held at Smethport on Monday. Out of 41 applications, 36 were granted; four were continued to July 15, and one was dismissed, having moved out of the district. R. A. Weatherby, of Pittsburgh, United States naturalization examiner, was in attendance.

-F. H. Hungiville has made arrangements to sell his wholesale liquor store and bottling works to W. H. Hungerford of this place. The transfer of this property will be made on June first, next, providing the court sees fit to transfer the license. Mr. Hungerford was formerly proprietor of this business and his past record speaks well for his future prospects.

-Mrs. Barrett, of this place, who was charged with neglecting and inhuman treatment of her six children, was tried in Juvenile Court before Judge Bouton on Tuesday. She was allowed the custody of her children under probation, and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth was appointed as probation officer.

-Mrs. V. B. Bouton entertained a party of twenty boys and girls at her home on Water street last Saturday afternoon in honor of the eighth birthday of her son, Ned. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent and excellent refreshments served. Ned received many presents from his little guests.

-A cock fight was pulled off in the vicinity of Bradford Tuesday night, the principal parties being Eldred and Bradford sports with Smethport poultry fanciers taking a small part in the "hacks." Eldred is said to have got away with the bulk of the money, with Smethport breaking a little better than even.

-The annual memorial sermon to the Glass Bottle Blowers association was given at the Baptist church last Sunday evening. About fifty bottle workers were present and fully enjoyed the most excellent sermon delivered by Rev. J. Booth, pastor of that church. Under the direction of Prof. Stanley Bright, the choir furnished some excellent music.

-W. F. Moffett, a newspaper correspondent of Mercer, has come to the front with a real chicken yarn. Moffett spends his spare time raising chickens, when not engaged in writing news. Recently he set a hen on 16 eggs. When the three weeks had passed he found 16 young chicks had been hatched, while two eggs remained unbroken. This is the first time in the history of the town that two chicks have come from one egg.

-About twenty-five members of the Brookland club gathered at Camp Dent last week where they held their annual meeting, elected officers and enjoyed one of their famous big dinners. The Galeton Dispatch says: During the business session many topics were discussed, among which was the building of a trout lake just above the club house. It will probably be the best one in Pennsylvania and within 30 days a report on plans and specifications will be made.

-The trouble with most young men is that they do not understand the dignity of manual labor. They do not realize honors and fortune may be more readily gained outside the so-called learned professions than in them; and that it is far more honorable to swing a hammer or to hold a plow as it is to make a speech in court or amputate a limb. The young men should be taught as early as possible that it is not so much what a man does for a living as how he does it, and that manual labor is as honorable as any other.

-Bradford Era: The Bradford Pressed Brick company received on Saturday of last week, what is probably the largest order ever placed with the brick yards of this vicinity. The order calls for approximately six million paving blocks to be used in the improvement of country roads in the state of New York. The size of this order will be better appreciated by the statement that it will require approximately 250 cars to transport the brick. This order, as large as it is, hardly represents two per cent. of the vitrified paving blocks that will be used on the highways of New York state during the next 18 months.

-A correspondent in Eastern Pennsylvania wrote to State Zoologist Surface, of Harrisburg, asking about transplanting some seedling pear trees and making them over into good trees. The reply was very practical although brief. It is as follows: "It is quite possible to transplant them, and then you will have to graft them. It would be best to let them grow a year and then graft them after they are well started this season. The thorns indicate a certainty of their being natural seedlings or wild pears rather than improved varieties. Among the varieties that I would recommend you to use for grafting are the Bartlett, Seckel, Sheldon, Bosc and Winter Nelis.

-S. B. Kurtz, a foreign missionary, will hold a meeting May 27, at 8 o'clock p. m., at the East Smethport Union church. All are welcome.

-Ed Prouty and Lawrence Richeson, of Betula, the new town at Rifle's corners on Potato creek, were arrested and brought to Smethport last Saturday for hearing before Justice A. W. Colegrove. Prouty is charged with selling cider which was intoxicating and Richeson, a druggist, is charged with selling whiskey without the necessary prescriptions. Owing to the fact that a number of the witnesses were not present at this hearing it was postponed until next Saturday and the defendants released on bail until the hearing is finished.

-Dr. George P. Singer, principal of the Central State Normal school, has announced the following honor students: Miss Mildred Gummo, Mackeyville; Miss Mildred Tobias, Woolrich; Fred Lininger, Drab; George Weber, Martinsburg; Miss Ruth Campbell, Williamsport; Miss Frances Berg, Avoca; Miss Nellie Shaffer, Jersey Shore; Miss Anna Fleming, Kane; Miss Lillian Harvey, Castanea; Miss Eunice Ingham, Laporte; Warren Hampe, Oval; Miss Gladys Lyons, Lock Haven; Miss Myra Miller, Mill Hall; Joseph Farran, New Millport; Leonard Owens, Kerrmoor; Joseph Quinlan, Lock Haven. All of these students have averaged grades higher than ninety per cent. The first six will be the speakers at the commencement day, June 28.

-We wish to call the attention of the propagating committee of Swamp No. 1, Independent Order of Frogs, to the following: The experimental work of the state in the cultivation of frogs for distribution for general propogation purposes throughout the state has been completed and the fisheries department announced it has been so successful that a supply of frogs will be ready for sending out in July. The frog work has been under way in several hatcheries for months, and Commissioner Buller is highly pleased with the results. The frogs will be distributed after formal application has been made on blanks furnished by the department. These may be had for the asking, but Commissioner Buller wants assurances that the distribution will be followed up by persons obtaining the frogs.

TROUT FISHING.

You Can Catch a Nice Basket at the Gallup Hatchery.

The Gallup Trout Company, located on Daly Brook, is now selling speckled trout for table use and anyone wishing a mess of delicious trout can get them at the ponds, or by calling for them on the telephone.

These trout range from seven to twelve inches in length and sell for $1.00 per pound. The flavor is excellent and it is the best and cheapest way to get a good mess of trout.

GALLUP TROUT CO.,
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Preparations for Memorial Day

Should Be Made At Once

Flowers or plants should be ordered at once, as the cut flowers are going to be hard to obtain

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MEMORIAL DAY WREATHS

Of Galax Leaves Trimmed With Carnations or Roses

Early orders will receive best attention. A card or letter will be sufficient.

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Most suits come with 2 pair of Knicker Bocker, lined, pants.

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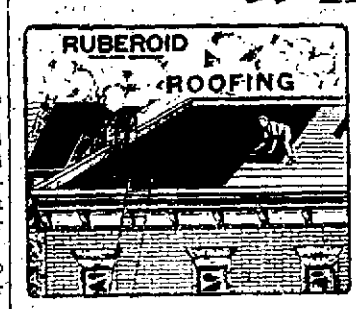

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

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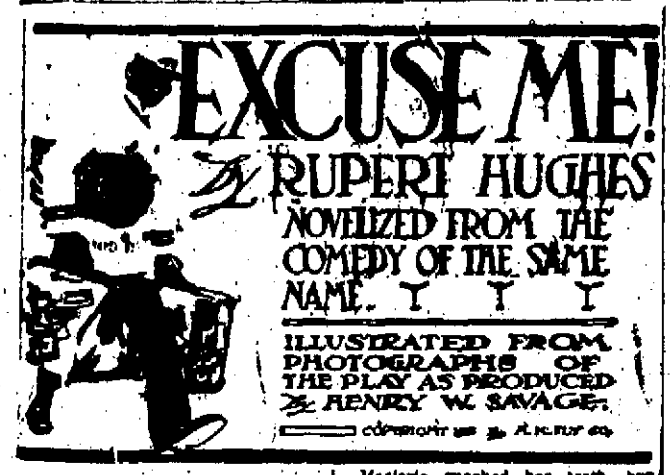
EXCUSE ME!
BY RUPERT HUGHES
NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED BY HENRY W. SAVAGE

CHAPTER XXXII.—Mallory's dejection moves Marjorie to reconciliation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—The last day on the train brings to Mallory the fear of missing his transport.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Mallory gets a Nevada marriage license from Reno divorce drummer who boards the train.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie make up.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Kitty Lawellyn returns to retrieve Mallory's bracelet.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Robbers hold up the train.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—The passengers are relieved of their valuables.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Dr. Temple admits he is a preacher. When robbers handle Marjorie too roughly Mallory throws caution to the winds and attacks them.

CHAPTER XL.—He overcomes and disarms the bandits.

CHAPTER XLI.—Passengers recover their valuables and Dr. Temple performs a wedding ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Duel for a Bracelet.

All this while Marjorie and Mallory had sat watching, as kingfishers shadow a pool, the door wherethrough the girl with the bracelet must pass on her way to breakfast.

"She's taking forever with her toilet," sniffed Marjorie. "Probably trying to make a special impression on you."

"She's wasting her time," said Mallory. "But what if she brings her mother along? No, I guess her mother is too fat to get there and back."

"If her mother comes," Marjorie decided, "I'll hold her while you take the bracelet away from the—the—from that creature. Quick, here she comes now! Be brave!"

Marjorie gnashed her teeth, but Kathleen could not hear that. She gushed on: "Aren't now we have met again! It looks like Fate, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," Mallory assented, bitterly; then again, with zest: "Let me see that old bracelet, will you?"

He tried to lay hold of it, but Kathleen giggled coyly: "It's just an excuse to hold my hand." She swung her arm over the back of the seat coquettishly, and Marjorie made a desperate lunge at it, but missed, since Kathleen, finding that Mallory did not pursue the fugitive hand, brought it back at once and plaided it up:

"There—be careful, someone might look."

Mallory took her by the wrist in a gingerly manner, and said, "So that's the bracelet? Take it off, won't you?"

"Never!—it's wished on," Kathleen protested, sentimentally. "Don't you remember that evening in the moonlight?"

Mallory caught Marjorie's accusing eye and lost his head. He made a ferocious effort to snatch the bracelet off. When this onset failed, he had recourse to entreaty! "Just slip it off." Kathleen shook her head tantalizingly. Mallory urged more strenuously: "Please let me see it."

Kathleen shook her head with sophistication: "You'd never give it back. You'd pass it along to that—train-acquaintance."

"How can you think such a thing?" Mallory demurred, and once more made his appeal: "Please, please, slip it off."

"What on earth makes you so anxious?" Kathleen demanded, with sudden suspicion. Mallory was stumped, till an inspiration came to him: "I'd like to—to get you a nicer one. That one isn't good enough for you."

THE HOLD-UP.

Mallory wore an aspect of arrant cowardice: "Er—ah—I—I—"

"You just grab her!" Marjorie explained. Then they relapsed into attitudes of impatient attention. Kathleen floated in and, seeing Mallory, she greeted him with radiant warmth: "Good morning!" and then, catching sight of Marjorie, gave her a "Good morning!" coated with ice. She flounced past and Mallory sat inert, till Marjorie gave him a ferocious pinch, whereupon he leaped to his feet:

"Oh, Miss—er—Miss Kathleen." Kathleen whirled round with a most hospitable smile. "May I have a word with you?"

"Of course you can, you dear boy." Marjorie winced at this and writhed at what followed: "Shan't we take breakfast together?"

Mallory stuttered: "I—I—no, thank you—I've had breakfast."

Kathleen froze up again as she snapped: "With that—train-acquaintance, I suppose."

"Oh, no," Mallory amended, "I mean I haven't had breakfast."

But Kathleen scowled with a jealousy of her own: "You seem to be getting along famously for mere train-acquaintances."

"Oh, that's all we are, and hardly that," Mallory hastened to say with too much truth. "Sit down here a moment, won't you?"

"No, no, I haven't time," she said, and sat down. "Mamma will be waiting for me. You haven't been in to see her yet?"

"No. You see—"

"She cried all night."

"For me?"

"No, for papa. He's such a good traveler—and he had such a good start. She really kept the whole car awake."

"Too bad," Mallory condoled, perfunctorily, then with sudden eagerness, and a trial at indifference: "I see you have that bracelet still."

"Of course, you dear fellow. I wouldn't be parted from it for worlds."

Here was an argument that Kathleen could appreciate. "Oh, how sweet of you, Harry," she gurgled, and had the bracelet down to her knuckles, when a sudden instinct checked her: "When you bring the other, you can have this."

She pushed the circlet back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally frustrated in his plans. He caught Kathleen's arm and, while his words pleaded, his hands tugged: "Please—please let me take it—for the measure—you know!"

Kathleen read the determination in his fierce eyes, and she struggled furiously: "Why, Richard—Chauncey!—er—Billy! I'm amazed at you! Let go or I'll scream!"

She rose and, twisting her arm from his grasp, confronted him with bewildered anger. Mallory cast toward Marjorie a look of surrender and despair. Marjorie laid her hand on her throat and in pantomime suggested that Mallory should throttle Kathleen, as he had promised.

But Mallory was incapable of further violence; and when Kathleen, with all her coquetry, bent down and murmured: "You are a very naughty boy, but come to breakfast and we'll talk it over," he was so addled that he answered: "Thanks, but I never eat breakfast."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Down Brakes!

Just as Kathleen flung her head in baffled vexation, and Mallory started to slink back to Marjorie, with another defeat, there came an abrupt shock as if that gigantic child to whom our railroad trains are toys, had reached down and laid violent hold on the Trans-American in full career.

Its smooth, swift flight became suddenly such a spasm of jars, shivers and thuds that Mallory cried:

"We're off the track."

He was sent flopping down the aisle like a bolster hurled through the car. He brought up with a sickening slam across the seat into which Marjorie had been jounced back with a breath-taking slam. And then Kathleen came flying backwards and landed in a heap on both of them.

Several of the other passengers were just returning from breakfast and they were shot and scattered all over the car as if a great chain of human beads had burst.

Women screamed, men yelled, and then while they were still struggling against the seats and one another, the train came to a halt.

"Thank God, we stopped in time!" Mallory gasped, as he tried to disengage himself and Marjorie from Kathleen.

The passengers began to regain their courage with their equilibrium. Little Jimmie Wellington had flown the whole length of the car, clinging to his wife as if she were Francesca da Rimini, and he Paolo, flitting through Inferno. The flight ended at the stateroom door with such a thump that Mrs. Fosdick was sure a detective had come for her at last, and with a battering ram.

But when Jimmie got back breath enough to talk, he remembered the train-stopping excitement of the day before and called out:

"Has Mrs. Mallory lost that pup again?"

Everybody laughed uproariously at this. People will laugh at anything or nothing when they have been frightened almost to death and suddenly relieved of anxiety.

Everybody was cracking a joke at Marjorie's expense. Everybody felt a good-natured grudge against her for being such a mystery. The car was ringing with hilarity, when the porter came stumbling in and paused at the door, with eyes all white, hands waving frantically, and lips flapping like flannel, in a vain effort to speak.

The passengers stopped laughing at Marjorie, to laugh at the porter. Ashton sang out:

"What's the matter with you, porter? Are you trying to crow?"

Everybody roared at this, till the porter finally managed to articulate: "T-t-t-train rob-rob-robbers!"

Silence shut down as if the whole crowd had been smitten with paralysis. From somewhere outside and ahead came a pop-popping as of firecrackers. Everybody thought, "Revolvers!" The reports were mingled with barbaric yells that turned the marrow in every bone to snow.

These regions are full of historic terror. All along the Nevada route the conductor, the brakemen and old travelers had pointed out scene after scene where the Indians had slaked the thirst of the arid land with white man's blood. Ashton, who had traveled this way many times, had made himself fascinatingly horrifying the evening before and ruined several breakfasts that morning in the dining-car, by regaling the passengers with stories of pioneer ordeals, men and women massacred in burning wagons, or dragged away to fiendish cruelty and obscene torture, staked out supine on burning wastes with eyelids cut off, bound down within reach of rattlesnakes, subjected to every misery that human deviltry could devise.

Ashton had brought his fellow passengers to a state of ecstatic excitability, and, like many a recounter of burglar stories at night, had tuned his own nerves to high tension.

The violent stopping of the train, the heart-shaking yells and shots outside, found the passengers already apt to respond without delay to the appeals of fright. After the first hush of dread, came the reaction to panic.

Each passenger showed his own panic in his own way. Ashton whirled round and round, like a horse with the blind staggers, then bolted down the aisle, knocking aside men and women. He climbed on a seat, pulled down an upper berth, and, scrambling into it, tried to shut it on himself. Mrs. Whitcomb was so frightened that she assailed Ashton with fury and seizing his feet, dragged him back into the aisle, and beat him with her fists, demanding that he protect her and save her for Sammy's sake.

Mrs. Fosdick, rushing out of her stateroom and not finding her luscious-eyed husband, laid hold of Jimmie Wellington and ordered him to go to the rescue of her spouse. Mrs. Wellington tore her hands loose, crying: "Let him go, madam. He has a wife of his own to defend."

Jimmie was trying to pour out dying messages, and only sputtering, forgetting that he had put his watch in his mouth to hide it, though its chain was still attached to his waistcoat.

Anne Gattle, who had read much about Chinese atrocities to missionaries, gave herself up to death, yet rejoiced greatly that she had provided a timely man to lean on and should not have to enter Paradise a spinster, providing she could manage to convert Ira in the next few seconds, before it was everlastingly too late. She was begging her first heathen to join her in a gospel hymn. But Ira was roaring curses like a pirate captain in a hurricane, and swearing that the villains should not rob him of his bride.

Mrs. Temple wrung her twitching hands and tried to drag her husband to his knees, crying:

"Oh, Walter, Walter, won't you please say a prayer?—a good strong prayer?"

But the preacher was so confused that he answered: "What's the use of prayer in an emergency like this?"

"Walter!" she shrieked.

"I'm on my va-vacation, you know," he stammered.

Marjorie was trying at the same time to compel Mallory to crawl under a seat and to find a place to hide [illegible], whom she was warning not to say a word. Snookeums, understanding only that his mistress was in some distress, refused to stay in his basket and kept offering his services and his attentions.

Suddenly Marjorie realized that Kathleen was trying to faint in Mallory's arms, and forgot everything else in a determined effort to prevent her.

After the first blood-sweat of abject fright had begun to cool, the passengers came to realize that the invaders were not after blood, but loot. Then came a panic of miserly effort to conceal treasure.

Kathleen, finding herself banished from Mallory's protection, ran to Mrs. Whitcomb, who had given Ashton up as a hopeless task.

"What shall we do, oh, what, oh what shall we do, dear Mrs. Wellington!" she cried.

"Don't you dare call me Mrs. Wellington!" Mrs. Whitcomb screamed; then she began to flutter. "But we'd better hide what we can. I hope the rah-rah-robbers are gu-gentlemen."

She pushed a diamond locket containing a small portrait of Sammy into her back hair, leaving part of the chain dangling. Then she tried to stuff a large handbag into her stocking.

Mrs. Fosdick found her husband at last, for he made a wild dash to her side, embraced her, called her his wife and defied all the powers of Nevada to tear them apart. He had a brilliant idea. In order to save his fat wallet from capture, he tossed it through an open window. It fell at the feet of one of the robbers as he ran along the side of the car, shooting at such heads as were put out of windows. He picked it up and dropped it into the feed-bag he had swung at his side. Then running on, he clambered over the brass rail of the observation platform and entered the rear of the train, as his confederate, driving the conductor ahead of him, forged his way aft from the front, while a third masquerader aligned the engineer, the fireman, the brakeman and the baggagemen.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Hands Up!

All this time Lieutenant Mallory had been thinking as hard as an officer in an ambuscade. His harrowing experiences and incessant defeats of the past days had unnerved him and shattered his self-confidence. He was not afraid, but intensely disgusted. He sat absent-mindedly patting Marjorie on the back and repeating:

"Don't worry, honey; they're not going to hurt anybody. They don't want anything but our money. Don't worry, I won't let 'em hurt you."

But he could not shake off a sense of nausea. He felt himself a representative of the military prowess of the country, and here he was as helpless as a man on parole.

The fact that Mallory was a soldier occurred to a number of the passengers simultaneously. They had been trained by early studies in those beautiful works of fiction, the school histories of the United States, and by many Fourths of July, to believe that the American soldier is an invincible being, who has never been defeated and never known fear.

They surged up to Mallory in a wave of hope. Dr. Temple, being nearest, spoke first. Having learned by experience that his own prayers were not always answered as he wished, had an impulse to try some weapon he had never used.

"Young man," he pleaded across the back of a seat, "will you kindly lend me a gun?"

Mallory answered sullenly: "Mine is in my trunk on the train ahead, damn it. If I had it I'd have a lot of fun."

Mrs. Whitcomb had an inspiration. She ran to her berth, and came back with a tiny silver-plated revolver.

"I'll lend you this. Sammy gave it to me to protect myself in Nevada!"

Mallory smiled at the .22-caliber toy, broke it open, and displayed an empty cylinder.

"Where are the pills that go with it?" he said.

"Oh, Sammy wouldn't let me have any bullets. He was afraid I'd hurt myself."

Mallory returned it, with a bow. "It would make an excellent nut-cracker."

"Aren't you going to use it?" Mrs. Whitcomb gasped.

"It's empty," Mallory explained.

"But the robbers don't know that! Couldn't you just overawe them with it?"

"Not with that," said Mallory, "unless they died laughing."

Mrs. Wellington pushed forward: "Then what the devil are you going to do when they come?"

Mallory answered meekly: "If they request it, I shall hold up my hands."

"And you won't resist?" Kathleen gasped.

"Not a resist."

"And he calls himself a soldier!" she sneered.

Mallory writhed, but all he said was: "A soldier doesn't have to be a jackass. I know just enough about guns not to monkey with the wrong end of 'em."

"Coward!" she flung at him. He turned white, but Marjorie red, and made a leap at her, crying: "He's the bravest man in the world. You say a word, and I'll scratch your eyes out."

This reheartened Mallory a little, and he laughed nervously, as he restrained her. Kathleen retreated out of danger, with a parting shot: "Our engagement is off."

"Thanks," Mallory said, and put out his hand: "Will you return the bracelet?"

"I never return such things," said Kathleen.

The scene was so painful and [illegible] an anachronism that Dr. Temple [illegible] a hymn. "Good

"It's your opinion then that we'd best surrender?"

"Of course—since we can't run."

Wedgewood broke in impatiently: "Well, I consider it a dastardly outrage. I'll not submit to it. I'm a subject of His Majesty the—"

"You're a subject of His Majesty the Man Behind the Gun," said Mallory.

"I shall protest, none the less," Wedgewood insisted.

Mallory grinned a little. "Have you any last message to send home to your mother?"

Wedgewood was a trifle chilled at this. "D-don't talk of such things," he said.

And by this time the train-robbers had hastily worked their way through the other passengers, and reached the frantic inhabitants of the sleeper, "Snowdrop."

"Hands up! Higher!! Hands up!"

With a true sense of the dramatic, the robbers sent ahead of them the most hair-raising yells. They arrived simultaneously at both end of the aisle, and with a few short sharp commands, straightened the disorderly rabble into a beautiful line, with all palms aloft and all eyes wide and wild.

One robber drove ahead of him the conductor and the other drove in Mr. Manning, whom he had found trying to crawl between the shelves of the linen-closet.

The marauders were apparently cattlemen, from their general get-up. Their hats were pulled low, and just beneath their eyes they had drawn big black silk handkerchiefs, tied behind the ears and hanging to the breast.

Over their shoulders they had slung the feed-bags of their horses, to serve as receptacles for their swag. Their shirts were chalky with alkali dust. Their legs were encased in heavy chaparejos, and they carried each a pair of well-used Colt's revolvers that looked as big as artillery.

When the passengers had shoved and jostled into line, one of the men jabbed the conductor in the back with the muzzle of his gun, and snarled: "Now speak your little piece, like I learned it to you."

The conductor, like an awkward schoolboy, grinned sheepishly, and spoke, his hands in the air the while:

"Ladies and gents, these here parties in the black tidies says they want everybody to hold his or her hands as high as possible till you git permission to lower 'em; they advise you not to resist, because they hate the sight of blood, but prefer it to argument."

The impatient robbers, themselves the prey of fearful anxieties, broke in, barking like a pair of coyotes in a jumble of commands: "Now, line up with your backs that way, and no back talk. These guns shoot awful easy. And remember, as each party is finished with, they are to turn round and keep their hands up, on penalty of gittin' 'em shot off. Line up! Hands up! Give over there!"

Mrs. Jimmie Wellington took her time about moving into position, and her deliberation brought a howl of wrath from the robber: "Get into that line, you!"

Mrs. Wellington whirled on him: "How dare you, you brute?" And she turned up her nose at the gun.

The anxious conductor intervened: "Better obey, madame; he's an ugly lad."

"I don't mind being robbed," said Mrs. Jimmie, "but I won't endure rudeness."

The robber shook his head in despair, and he tried to wither her with sarcasm: "Pardong, mamselly, would you be so kind and condescendin' as to step into that there car before I blow your husband's gol-blame head off."

This brought her to terms. She hastened to her place, but put out a restraining hand on Jimmie, who needed no restraint. "Certainly, to save my dear husband. Don't strike him, Jimmie!"

Then each man stuck one revolver into its convenient holster, and, covering the passengers with the other, proceeded to frisk away valuables with a speed and agility that would have looked prettier if those impatient-looking muzzles had not pointed here, there and everywhere with such venomous threats.

And so they worked from each end of the car toward the middle. Their hands ran swiftly over bodies with a loathsome familiarity that could only be resented, not revenged. Their hands dived into pockets, and up sleeves, and into woman's hair, everywhere that a jewel or a bill might be secreted. And always a rough growl or a swing of the revolver silenced any protest.

Their heinous fingers had hardly begun to ply, when the solemn stillness was broken by a chuckle and low hoot of laughter, a darkey's unctuous laughter. At such a place it was more shocking than at a funeral.

"What ails you?" was the nearest robber's demand.

The porter tried to wipe his streaming eyes without lowering his hands, as he chuckled on: "I—I—just thought of sumpum funny."

"Funny!" was the universal groan.

"I was just thinking," the porter snickered, "what mighty poor pickings you-all are goin' to git out of me. Whilst if you had 'a' waited till I got to Frisco, I'd jest nachelly been oozin' money."

The robber relieved him of a few dimes and quarters and ordered him to turn round, but the black face whirled back as he heard from the other end of the car Wedgewood's indignant complaint: "I say, this is an outrage!"

"Ah, close your trap and turn [illegible] I, or I'll—"

"Lawd," he sighed, "they're goin' to skin that British lion! And I just were myself out on him."

The far-reaching effect of the whole procedure was just beginning to dawn on the porter. This little run on the bank meant a period of financial stringency for him. He watched the hurrying hands a moment or two, then his wrath rose to terrible proportions:

"Look here, man," he shouted at the robber, "ain't you-all goin' to leave these passengers nothin' a-tall?"

"Not on purpose, nigger."

"No small change, or nothin'?"

"Nary a red."

"Then, passengers," the porter proclaimed, while the robber watched him in amazement; "then, passengers, I want to give you-all fair warnin' heah and now: No tips, no whisk-broom!"

Perhaps because their hearts were already overflowing with distress, the passengers endured this appalling threat without comment, and when there was a commotion at the other end of the line, all eyes rolled that way.

Mr. Baumann was making an effort to take his leave, with great politeness.

"Excoose, please. I vant to get by, please!"

"Get by!" the other robber gasped. "Why, you—"

"But I'm not a passenger," Mr. Baumann urged, with a confidential smile, "I've been going through the train myself."

"Much obliged! Hand over!" And a rude hand rummaged his pockets. It was a heart-rending sight.

"Oi oi!" he wailed, "don't you allow no courtesies to the profession?" And when the inexorable thief continued to pluck his money, his watch, his scarf-pin, he grew wrath indeed. "Stop, stop, I refuse to pay. I'll go into bankruptcy foist." But still the larceny continued; fingers even lifted three cigars from his pockets, two for himself and a good one for a customer. This loss was grievous, but his wildest protest was: "Oh, here, my friend, you don't vant my business carts."

"Keep 'em!" growled the thief, and then, glancing up, he saw on the tender inwards of Mr. Baumann's upheld palms two huge glisteners, which their owner had turned that way in a misguided effort to conceal the stones. The robber reached up for them.

"Take 'em. You're welcome!" said Mr. Baumann, with rare presence of mind. "Those Nevada nearlies looks almost like real."

"Keep 'em," said the robber, as he passed on, and Mr. Baumann almost swooned with joy, for, as he whispered to Wedgewood a moment later: "They're really real!"

Now the eye-chain rolled the other way, for Little Jimmie Wellington was puffing with rage. The other robber, having massaged him thoroughly, but without success, for his pocketbook, noticed that Jimmie's left heel was protruding from his left shoe, and made Jimmie perform the almost incredible feat of standing on one foot, while he unshod him and took out the hidden wealth.

"There goes our honeymoon; Lucretia," he moaned. But she whispered proudly: "Never mind, I have my rings to pawn."

"Oh, you have, have you? Well, I'll be your little uncle," the kneeling robber laughed, as he overheard, and he continued his outrageous search till he found them, knotted in a handkerchief, under her hat.

She protested: "You wouldn't leave me in Reno without a diamond, would you?"

"I wouldn't, eh?" he grunted. "Do you think I'm in this business for my health?"

And he snatched off two earrings she had forgotten to remove. Fortunately, they were affixed to her lobes with fasteners.

Mrs. Jimmie was thoroughbred enough not to wince. She simply commented: "You brutes are almost as bad as the customs officers at New York."

And now another touch of light relieved the gloom. Kathleen was next in line, and she had been forcing her lips into their most attractive smile, and keeping her eyes winsomely mellow, for the robber's benefit. Marjorie could not see the smile; she could only see that Kathleen was next. She whispered to Mallory:

"They'll get the bracelet! They'll get the bracelet!"

And Mallory could have danced with glee. But Kathleen leaned coquettishly toward the masked stranger, and threw all her art into her tone as she murmured:

"I'm sure you're too brave to take my things. I've always admired men with the courage of Claude Duval."

The robber was taken a trifle aback, but he growled: "I don't know the party you speak of—but cough up!"

"Listen to her," Marjorie whispered in horror; "she's flirting with the train-robber."

"What won't some women flirt with!" Mallory exclaimed.

The robber studied Kathleen a little more attentively, as he whipped off her necklace and her rings. She looked good to him, and so willing that he muttered: "Say, lady, if you'll give me a kiss, I'll give you that diamond ring you got on."

"All right!" laughed Kathleen, with triumphant compliance.

"My God!" Mallory groaned, "what won't some women do for a diamond!"

The robber bent close, and was just raising his mask to collect his ransom, when his confederate glanced his way, and knowing his susceptible nature, foresaw his intention, and shouted: "Stop it, Jake. You 'tend strictly to business, or I'll blow your nose off."

"Oh, all right," grumbled the reluctant gallant, as he drew the ring from

her finger. "Sorry, miss, but I can't make the trade' and he added with an unwonted gentleness' 'You, can turn round now"

Kathleen was glad to hide the blushes of defeat, but Marjorie was still more bitterly disappointed She whispered to Mallory, "He didn't get the bracelet, after all."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Wolves in the Fold.

Mallory's heart sank to its usual depth, but Marjorie had another of her inspirations. She startled everybody by suddenly beckoning and calling "Excuse me, Mr. Robber. Come here, please"

The curious gallant edged her way, keeping a sharp watch along the line: "What d'you want?"

Marjorie leaned nearer, and spoke in a low tone with an amiable smile: "That lady who wanted to kiss you has a bracelet up her sleeve"

The robber stared across his mask, and wondered, but laughed, and grunted. "Much obliged." Then he went back, and tapped Kathleen on the shoulder When she turned round, in the hope that he had reconsidered his refusal to make the trade, he infuriated her by growling: "Excuse me, miss, I overlooked a bet."

He ran his hand along her arm, and found her bracelet, and accomplished what Mallory had failed in, its removal.

"Don't, don't," cried Kathleen, "it's wished on."

"I wish it off," the villain laughed, and it joined the growing heap in the feed-bag

Kathleen, doubly enraged, broke out viciously' 'You're a common, sneaking—"

"Ah, turn round'" the man roared, and she obeyed in silence

Then he explored Mrs Whitcomb, but with such small reward that he said. "Say, you'd oughter have a pocketbook somewhere. Where's it at?"

Mrs. Whitcomb blushed furiously: "None of your business, you low brute"

"Perdooce, madame," the scoundrel snorted, "perdooce the purse, or I'll hunt for it myself"

Mrs. Whitcomb turned away, and after some management of her skirts, slapped her handbag into the eager palm with a wrathful: "You're no gentleman, sir!"

"If I was, I'd be in Wall street," he laughed 'Now you can turn round' And when she turned, he saw a bit of chain depending from her back hair. He tugged, and brought away the locket, and then proceeded to sound Ashton for hidden wealth.

And now Mrs Temple began to sob, as she parted with an old fashioned brooch and two old fashioned rings that had been her little vanities for the quarter of a century and more The old clergyman could have wept with her at the vandalism. He turned on the wretch with a heartsick appeal'

'Can't you spare those? Didn't you ever have a mother?'

The robber started, his fierce eyes softened his voice choked, and he gulped hard as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes

"Aw, hell, he whimpered, 'that ain't fair If you're goin' to remind me of me poor old mo mo mother—'

But the one galled Jake—the Claude Duval who had been prevented from a display of human sentiment, did not intend to be cheated He thundered "Stop it, Bill 'You 'tend strictly to business, or I'll blow your mush bowl off You know your Maw died before you was born,"

This reminder sobered the weeping thief at once and he went back to work ruthlessly Oh, all right, Jake Sorry, ma am, but business is business" And he dumped Mrs Temple's trinkets into the satchel It was too much for the little old lady's little old husband He fairly shrieked.

"Young man, you're a damned scoundrel, and the best argument I ever saw for hell fire!"

Mrs Temple's grief changed to horror at such a bolt from the blue: "Walter!" she gasped, "such language!"

But her husband answered in self-defense "Even a minister has a right to swear once in his lifetime"

Mallory almost dropped in his tracks and Marjorie keeled over on him, as he gasped 'Good Lord, Dr. Temple, you are a—a minister?"

"Yes my boy, the old man confessed glad that the robbers had relieved him of his guilty secret along with the rest of his private properties Mallory looked at the collapsing Marjorie and groaned 'And he was in the next berth all this time!'

The unmasking of the old fraud made a second sensation Mrs Fosdick called from far down the aisle: "Dr Temple, you're not a detective?"

Mrs Temple shouted back furiously: "How dare you?'

But Mrs Fosdick was crying to her luscious-eyed mate. 'Oh, Arthur, he's not a detective Embrace me!"

And they embraced, while the robbers looked on aghast at the sudden oblivion they had fallen into. They focussed the attention on themselves again, however, with a ferocious: "Here, hands up!" But they did not see Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick steal a kiss behind their upraised arms, for the robber to whose lot Mallory fell was gloating over his well filled wallet. Mallory saw it go with fortitude, but noting a piece of legal paper, he said: "Say, old man, you don't want that marriage license, do you?"

The robber handled it as if it were hot—as if he had burned his fingers on some such document once before, and he stuffed it back in Mallory's pocket. "I should say not Keep it. Turn round"

Meanwhile the other felon turned up another beautiful pile of silk in Dr. Temple's pocket. "Not so worse for a parson," he grinned. "You must be one of them Fifth avenue skyshaffures."

And now Mrs. Temple's gentle eyes and voice filled with tears again "Oh, don't take that. That's the money for his vacation—after thirty long years. Please don't take that."

Her appeals seemed always to find the tender spot of this robber's heart, for he hesitated, and called out: "Shall we overlook the parson's wad, podner?"

"Take it, and shut up, you mollycoddle!" was the answer he got, and the vacation funds joined the old gewgaws.

And now everybody had been robbed but Marjorie She happened to be at the center of the line, and both men reached her at the same time' "I seen her first," the first one shouted

"You did not," the other roared.

"I tell you I did."

"I tell you I did" They glared threateningly at each other, and their revolvers seemed to meet, like two game cocks, beak to beak.

The porter voiced the general hope, when he sighed: "Oh, Lawd, if they'd only shoot each other."

This brought the rivals to their evil senses, and they swept the line with those terrifying muzzles and that heart-stopping yelp' "Hands up!"

Bill said "You take the east side of her, and I'll take the west."

"All right."

And they began to snatch away her side-combs, the little gold chain at her throat, the jeweled pin that Mallory had given her as the first token of his love

The young soldier had foreseen this. He had foreseen the wild rage that would unseat his reason when he saw the dirty hands of thieves laid rudely on the sacred body of his beloved. But his soldier schooling had drilled him to govern his impulses, to play the coward when there was no hope of successful battle, and to strike only when the moment was ripe with perfect opportunity.

He had kept telling himself that when the finger of one of these men touched so much as Marjorie's hem, he would be forced to fling himself on the profane miscreant And he kept telling himself that the moment he did this, the other man would calmly blow a hole through him, and drop him at Marjorie's feet, while the other passengers shrank away in terror

He told himself that, while it might be a fine impulse to leap to her defense, it was a fool impulse to leap off a precipice and leave Marjorie alone among strangers, with a dead man and a scandal, as the only rewards for his impulse. He vowed that he would hold himself in check, and let the robbers take everything leaving him only the name of coward, provided they left him also the power to defend Marjorie better at another time

And now that he saw the clumsy-handed thugs rifling his sweetheart's jewelry he felt all that he had foreseen, and his head fought almost in vain against the white fire of his heart Between them he trembled like a leaf and the sweat globed on his forehead

The worst of it was the shivering terror of Marjorie, and the pitiful eyes she turned on him But he clenched his teeth and waited thinking fiercely watching, like a hovering eagle, a chance to swoop

But the robbers kept glancing this way and that and one motion would mean death They themselves were so overwrought with their own ordeal and its immediate conclusion, that they would have killed anybody Mallory shifted his foot cautiously, and instantly a gun was jabbed into his stomach, with a snarl "Don't you move!"

"Who's moving?" Mallory answered, with a poor imitation of a careless laugh

And now the man called Bill had reached Marjorie's right hand He chortled' 'Golly, look at the shiners."

But Jake who had chosen Marjorie's left hand, roared

"Say, you cheated All I get is this measly plain gold band"

"Oh, don't take that'" Marjorie gasped, clenching her hand

Mallory's heart ached at the thought of this final sacrilege He had the license and the minister at last—and now the fiends were going to carry off the wedding ring He controlled himself with a desperate effort, and stooped to plead 'Say old man, don't take that That's not fair"

"Shut up both of you,' Jake growled, and jabbed him again with the gun

He gave the ring a jerk, but Marjorie, in the very face of the weapon, would not let go She struggled and tugged, weeping and imploring' 'Oh, don't, don't take that' It's my wedding ring"

"Agh, what do I care!" the ruffian snarled, and wrenched her finger so viciously that she gave a little cry of pain.

That broke Mallory's heart. With a wild, bellowing, 'Damn you!" he hurled himself at the man, with only his bare hands for weapons.

CHAPTER XL.

A Hero in Spite of Himself.

Passion sent Mallory into the unequal fight with two armed and desperate outlaws But reason had planned the way. He had been studying the robber all the time, as if the villain were a war-map, studying his gestures, his way of turning, and how he held the revolver He had noted that the man, as he frisked the passengers, did not keep his finger on the trigger, but on the guard.

Marjorie's little battle threw the desperado off his balance a trifle; as he recovered, Mallory struck him, and swept him on over against the back of a seat. At the same instant, Mallory's right hand went like lightning to the trigger guard, and gripped the fingers in a vise of steel, while he drove the man's elbow back against his side. Mallory's left hand meanwhile flung around his enemy's neck, and gave him a spinning fall that sent his left hand out for balance. It fell across the back of the seat, and Mallory pinioned it with elbow and knee before it could escape.

All in the same crowded moment, his left knuckles jolted the man's chin in the air, and so bewildered him that his muscles relaxed enough for Mallory's right fingers to squirm their way to the trigger, and aim the gun at the other robber, and finally to get entire control of it

The thing had happened in such a flash that the second outlaw could hardly believe his eyes. The shriek of the astounded passengers, and the grunt of Mallory's prisoner, as he crashed backward, woke him to the need for action. He caught his other gun from its holster, and made for a double volley, but there was nothing to aim at. Mallory was crouched in the seat, and almost perfectly covered by a human shield

Still, from force of habit and foolhardy pluck, Bill aimed at Mallory's right eyebrow, just abaft Jake's right ear, and shouted his old motto:

"Hands up' you!"

"Hands up yourself!" answered Mallory, and his victim, shuddering at the fierce look in his comrade's eyes, gasped: "For God's sake, don't shoot, Bill!"

Even then the fellow stood his ground, and debated the issue, till Mallory threw such ringing determination into one last' "Hands up, or by God, I'll fire!" that he caved in, lifted his fingers from the triggers, turned the guns up, and slowly raised both hands above his head

A profound "Ah!" of relief soughed through the car, and Mallory, still keeping his eye on Bill, got down cautiously from the seat. The moment he released Jake's left hand, it darted to the holster where his second gun was waiting But before he could clutch the butt of it, Mallory jabbed the muzzle of his own revolver in the man's back, and growled. "Put 'em up!" And the robber's left hand joined the right in air, while Mallory's left hand lifted the revolver.

Mallory stood for a moment, breathing hard and a little incredulous at his own swift, sweet triumph. Then he made an effort to speak as if this sort of thing were quite common with him, as if he overpowered a pair of outlaws every morning before breakfast, but his voice cracked as he said, in a drawing-room tone'

"Dr Temple, would you mind relieving that man of those guns?"

Dr Temple was so set up by this distinction that he answered: "Not by a—"

"Walter!" Mrs Temple checked him, before he could utter the beautiful word and Dr Temple looked at her almost reproachfully, as he sighed. Golly, I should like to swear just once more"

Then he reached up and disarmed the man who had taken his wallet and his wife's keepsakes

American children breathe in this desperado romance with their earliest traditions, and Dr Temple felt all his boyhood zest surge back with a boy's tremendous rapture in a deed of derring-do And now nothing could check his swagger, as he said to Mallory:

'What shall we do with these damned sinners?"

He felt like apologizing for the clerical relapse into a pulpitism, but Mallory answered briskly' "We'd better take them into the smoking room. They scare the ladies But first, will the conductor take those bags and distribute the contents to their rightful owners?"

The conductor was proud to act as lieutenant to this lieutenant, and he quickly relieved the robbers of their loot-kits

Mallory smiled, "Don't give anybody my things," and then he jabbed his robber with one of the revolvers, and commanded: "Forward, march!"

The little triumphal procession moved off, with Bill in the lead, followed by Dr Temple, looking like a whole field battery, followed by Jake, followed by Mallory, followed by the porter and as many of the other passengers as could crowd into the smoking room

The rest went after those opulent feed-bags

CHAPTER XLI.

Clickety Clickety Clickety.

Marjorie, as the supposed wife of the rescuing angel, was permitted first search, and the first thing she hunted for was a certain gold bracelet that was none of hers. She found it and seized it with a prayer of thanks, and concealed it among her own things

Mrs Temple gave her a guilty start, by speaking across a barrier:

"Mrs. Mallory, your husband is the bravest man on earth"

"Oh, I know he is," Marjorie beamed, and added with a spasm of conscience: "but he isn't my husband!"

Mrs Temple gasped in horror, but Marjorie dragged her close, and poured out the whole story, while the other passengers recovered their properties with as much joy as if they were all new gifts found on a bush.

Meanwhile, under Mallory's guidance, the porter fastened the outlaws together back to back with the straps of their own feed bags The porter was rejoicing that his harvest of tips was not blighted after all.

Mallory completed his bliss, by giving him Dr. Temple's brace of guns, and establishing him as jailer, with a warning 'Now, porter, don't take your eye off 'em."

"Lordy, I won't bat an eyelid."

"If either of these lads coughs, put a hole through both of 'em"

The porter chuckled: "My fingers is just a-itchin' for them lovin' triggers."

Mallory pocketed two of the captured revolvers, lest a need might arise suddenly again. As he hurried down the aisle, he was received with cheers. The passengers gave him an ovation, but he only smiled timidly, and made haste to Marjorie's side.

She regarded him with such idolatry that he almost regretted his deed. But this mood soon passed in her excitement, and in a moment she was surreptitiously showing him the bracelet. He became an accessory after the fact, and shared her guilt, for when she groaned with a sudden droop' "She'll get it back!" he grimly answered, "Oh, no she won't!" hoisted the window, and flung the bracelet into a little pool by the side of the track, with a farewell: "Good-bye, trouble!"

As he drew his head in, a side glance showed him that up near the engine a third train-robber held the miserably weary train crew in line.

He found the conductor just about to pull the bellrope, to proceed The conductor had forgotten all about the rest of the staff Mallory took him aside, and told him the situation, then turned to Marjorie, said: "Excuse me a minute," and hurried forward. The conductor followed Mallory through the train into the baggage coach.

The first news the third outlaw had of the counter-revolution occurring in the sleeping car was a mysterious bullet that flicked the dust near his heel, and a sonorous shout of "Hands up!" As he whirled in amaze, he saw two revolvers aimed point blank at him from behind a trunk. He hoisted his guns without parley, and the train crew trussed him up in short order.

Mallory ran back to Marjorie, and the conductor followed more slowly, reassuring the passengers in the other cars, and making certain that the train was ready to move on its way.

Mallory went straight to Dr. Temple, with a burning demand.

"You dear old fraud, will you marry me?"

Dr Temple laughed and nodded. Marjorie and Mrs Temple had been telling him the story of the prolonged elopement, and he was eager to atone for his own deception, by putting an end to their misery.

"Just wait one moment," he said, and as a final proof of affection, he unbuttoned his collar and put it on backwards Mrs Temple brought out the discarded bib, and he donned it meekly. The transformation explained many a mystery the old man had enmeshed himself in.

Even at he made ready for the ceremony, the conductor appeared, looked him over, grinned, and reached for the bell-cord, with a cheerful: "All aboard!"

Mallory had a sort of superstitious dread, not entirely unfounded on experience, that if the train got under way again it would run into some new obstacle to his marriage He turned to the conductor

"Say, old man, just hold the train till after my wedding, won't you?"

It was not much to ask in return for his services, but the conductor was tired of being second in command He growled'

"Not a minute We're 'way behind time."

'You might wait till I'm married," Mallory pleaded

'Not on your life!" the conductor answered, and he pulled the bell rope twice, in the distance, the whistle answered twice

Mallory's temper flared again. He cried. "This train doesn't go another step till I'm married!" He reached up and pulled the bell-rope once, in the distance the whistle sounded once.

This was high treason, and the conductor advanced on him threateningly, as he seized the cord once more. "You touch that rope again, and I'll—'

"Oh, no, you won't," said Mallory, as he whisked a revolver from his right pocket and jammed it into the conductor's watch pocket. The conductor came to attention

Then Mallory, standing with his right hand on military duty, put out his left hand, and gave the word: "Now, parson"

He smiled still more as he heard Kathleen's voice wailing But I can't find my bracelet. Where's my bracelet?"

'Silence' Silence'" Dr Temple commanded, and then: "Join hands, my children"

Marjorie shifted Snoozleums to her left arm, put her right hand into Mallory's, and Dr. Temple, standing between them, began to drone the ritual.

When the old clergyman had done his work, the young husband-at-last graciously rescinded military law, recalled the artillery from the conductor's very midst, and remembering Manila, smiled:

"You may fire when ready, conductor."

The conductor's rage had cooled, and he slapped the bridegroom on the back with one hand, as he pulled the cord with the other. The train began to creak and tug and shift. The ding-dong of the bell floated murmurously back as from a lofty steeple, and the clickety-click, click clickety-click quickened and softened into a pleasant gossip, as the speed grew, and the way was so smooth for the wheels that they seemed to be spinning on rails of velvet.

THE END.

TIME BRINGS CHANGES

GRANDMOTHER MOURNS; GRANDDAUGHTER IS JOYFUL.

Illustration, Not Much Exaggerated, of the Modern Trend—"Don't Know Where We're Going, but the Going is Good."

"When John asked permission to pay his addresses to me, father investigated his character very carefully before consenting," said grandmother.

"The first time Reginald called I locked up his father in Bradstreet's before risking any further damage to the drawing room furniture," laughed Geraldine.

"And when John asked me to marry him, I told him I would think it over. A girl didn't throw herself at a man in my day."

"She doesn't now, either. When Reginald asked me, I said I would answer him as soon as my father saw his father and ascertained if he would make the right kind of a settlement on us."

"For months father and mother were the only ones who knew that John and I were engaged. I wouldn't have had anybody know for worlds," said grandmother.

"I sent the notice to the newspapers the next morning after Reginald proposed," acknowledged Geraldine. "It requires a lot more nerve for a man to break an engagement after it has been announced."

"As soon as we became engaged," mused the elder lady, "I set to work hemming towels and table linen. I had already pieced quilts and made comforts in anticipation of the day when I should have a home of my own."

"It's up to Reginald to provide the comforts of home, if we have one—which I hope we shall not. I prefer to live in a hotel," asserted the younger woman emphatically.

"John warned me that his board was seldom more than bacon and cornbread, but I was willing to share it with him."

"I am willing to share Reginald's board as long as he can afford to board where they keep a good chef."

"Sundays," said grandmother, "John saddled old Bess, put the pillion on behind for me, and we rode 20 miles to church"

"I have promised Reginald that he may stay at home and read the Sunday supplements if he will provide a limousine for my church going"

"I wove the cloth and did all the sewing for myself and my six children," said grandmother.

"Women married, then, to get work," declared Geraldine. "Now they marry so they can quit work."

"Yes," asserted the old lady, "the modern woman toils not, neither does she spin."

"I am acquainted with several who have to toil pretty hard and spin many fairy tales in order to work their husbands for a new gown If Reginald turns out like that, I'll renovate his ideas or Reno-vate him"

"At the pace we are traveling now, I don't know where we shall land," mourned grandmother

"Neither do I," admitted Geraldine, 'but the going is good. Why borrow a tire until you have a blowout?"—Judge.

Undiplomatic Druggist.

South Trimble, clerk of the house of representatives, was talking about diplomacy.

"In a public post," he said "great diplomacy is needed. The man in a public post must be diplomatic all the time; otherwise he will be treated like the druggist.

"A druggist, late one cold winter night, was awakened by the tinkle of his emergency bell. It was a boy The druggist slipped on a dressing gown, went shivering downstairs and found the boy wanted two cents' worth of chewing gum

"'It's like your cheek,' the druggist growled, 'to wake me up at this time of night for a paltry two cents' worth'

"At this the boy scowled threw down the gum and pocketed his two cents again

'I like my cheek, it is?' he said 'Then I'll take my custom somewhere else You can keep your chewing gum I won't have it now, after your sauce'

'And he stalked out wrathfully, and the poor druggist went shivering back to bed"

Splendid Stadium Going Up.

The Stadium for the Olympic games of 1912 is now in course of erection at Stockholm, Sweden The building is erected in hand made purple bricks and granite. Inside this permanent building extra rows of temporary seats will be arranged for use during the games. The Stadium will then hold about 25 000 spectators. It contains a running track, four laps to the mile, and a grass football ground which in the winter time will be transformed into a skating rink. The gates and arches are vaulted in the old Swedish style. On the brick walls there are blocks of granite inlaid in which a series of Swedish heroes will be sculptured, and the gates to the entrance stairs will be decorated by 18 heathen gods and goddesses.

She Knew.

Jack—When I asked Ethel if she would be mine she fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally she put her arms around my neck and—

Maud—Oh, yes, I know all about that; I rehearsed it with her.

TEMPERAMENT IS ALL RIGHT

Quality the World Seems Ever Willing to Condone, but Beware of Temper.

Of the prima donna who throweth a dish of spaghetti at her butler the world saith: "She hath the artistic temperament." And of the washerwoman who scalds her husband with a pot of bean soup the husband's relatives saith: "She hath a devilish temper"

Cultivate temperament if thou will, but beware of temper The rich man, in a burst of temper, bursteth a blood vessel and droppeth dead. The poor man getteth hot in the collar, and the collar, being celluloid, igniteth and burneth him to death. While angry at the woman he loveth, a man marryeth a woman he doth not love. And, behold, it costeth him half his fortune to regain his temper—and his freedom.

Yet temper hath its uses. It giveth a man courage to do that which he lacketh the nerve to perpetrate in cold blood. And it serveth as an admirable excuse. If he saith: "Pardon me, I have such an ungovernable temper," he is forgiven, as if he were a lunatic and not responsible.

Temper maketh Johnny to go into tantrums And, behold, his mother announceth proudly: "Johnny is such a high-strung child. So much temperament, don't you know" Which remark Johnny often overheareth, and, being wiser than thou wouldst expect of such a mother, he stringeth her some more and himself still higher, until father steppeth in with a shingle paddle and breaketh the string

Temper maketh madam to snap at the hand of her husband when it petteth her. And hubby, saying: "She is so nervous," putteth on a glove that his hand may not be lacerated, and caresseth her more tenderly than ever.

Temperament, like temper, is greatly overworked as an excuse The man who defraudeth the barber and doth his best to keep the clothescleaner and presser from earning a living, pleadeth in extenuation the poetic temperament. And the one who keepeth irregular hours and worse company, and whose shirt bosom feeleth the imprint of a rouged cheek more often than the touch of a laundress' hand, attributeth his delinquencies to the Bohemian temperament. The supposed possession of a literary temperament hath led many a woman to take a course in the literature of the Italian renaissance when the needeth far worse a course of treatment by a manicurist, a modiste and a hairdresser. Verily, yea, verily, a sweet temper is more to be desired than a sweetheart, and is easier to keep—Terrell Love Holliday, in Puck.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mildred Bailey returned to Kane Friday.

Noble Schoonmaker is visiting in Buffalo this week.

Miss Mayme Colegrove was an Olean visitor on Monday.

E. N. Unruh of Bradford was a business visitor in town Friday.

Ernest Parks of Rixford was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. Johanna Curtis of Eldred is a guest of her son, C. H. Curtis.

Miss Gertrude Richards of Kasson spent Friday with the Misses Richards.

Guy B. Mayo is attending the Consistry meeting at Coudersport this week.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and daughter, Hannah, were Bradford visitors on Monday.

Charles Messler of Kane, the picture man, was in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelley of Olean spent the week-end with Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McGavern.

Mrs. Curt Witherow is in Clermont visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Dumjohn.

Miss Bess McIntyre, who has been employed as a nurse at C. E. Milroy's has returned to Kane.

Orlo J. Hamlin, Guy H. McCoy, Harry L. Backus and Leo Digel were Bradford visitors Monday evening.

Kenneth Mayo was in Coudersport the fore part of the week and took the degrees in the Lodge of Perfection.

Elmer E. Heath and Daniel M. Brasted of this place are in Coudersport this week, taking the Consistry degrees.

Mrs. Frank Curtis and sons, Harold and Howard, of Eldred, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Curtis over Sunday.

Mrs. George Tweed and daughter, Gertrude, of Punxsutawney, were visiting Mrs. P. D. Ostrander last Thursday and Friday.

Miss Edna Specht, who attends Mechanics Institute in Rochester, spent Sunday in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht.

State High School Inspector Koch of Harrisburg, spent Thursday morning inspecting the local high school. He was accompanied by his wife and sons.

Mrs. E. W. Jones and John Covely left this morning for Ridgway, called there by the serious illness of their brother, George Covely, who is suffering with typhoid fever in the Ridgway hospital.

F. J. Shattuck and daughter, Grace, arrived here last Friday, the guests of the editor and family. Mr. Shattuck left for Genesee on Tuesday and Miss Shattuck will visit her sister, Mrs. H. L. Backus, for some time.

H. W. Claybaugh of Franklin and W. A. Wynn of Warren, district superintendents of state roads, W. P. Park of Franklin and C. S. King of Port Allegany were in town yesterday while on route on a tour of inspection of the road that will be taken over by the State on June first.

TITANIC VICTIMS STARVED.

Bodies of Three Men Found in a Boat Who Probably Starved.

New York, May 15.—That some of the passengers of the steamship Titanic starved to death in open boats after they had escaped from the sinking vessel, was made terribly probable this morning with the arrival here of the White Star liner Oceanic from Southampton.

In a collapsible life-raft which the Oceanic sighted and picked up on Monday last at 12:45 o'clock p. m., were found three bodies, all in such a condition that they were committed to the sea as soon as the burial service could be read over them. The bodies were of men and one of them, that of a fireman, was chained by the leg to a thwart in one end of the boat, while the two others were huddled in the other end.

In their mouths were small pieces of cork, which Dr. R. S. French of the Oceanic staff, believes the victims chewed in their delirium to ease the pain of hunger and thirst.

News of the finding of these bodies was reported briefly by wireless last night. One of the victims was Thomsan Beattie, a passenger.

Mme. Marcelle Navratil of Nice, France, arrived on the Oceanic, and was driven at once to the Children's Society, where she met her two children, Michol and Edmund, who were rescued from the Titanic, while their father perished. The widow was met at the pier by her cousin, Miss Rose Brunc of Elkins' Park, Maryland, and Miss Margaret Hays, of this city, who for weeks cared for the little survivors. The meeting between mother and children was an affectionate one.

CARD OF THANKS.

The family of the late Thomas O'Brien wish to thank their neighbors and friends who rendered them so much assistance during their recent bereavement.

The Eldred Eagle Tells of a Letter from L. Turner.

The Eagle is in receipt of a letter from one Lewis McKenzie Turner of Virginia, inclosing a new Declaration of Independence, and calls a convention to meet in Philadelphia, June 24, 1912, to nominate independent candidates for president and vice-president, to be a strictly non-political convention. A copy of the declaration was nailed to the door of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, June 14, 1910. It is similar to the original declaration of American Independence, and brands all political parties as being against the people's interests. The signer, Mr. Turner, gives his residence as Virginia, and his letter has a foot note stating that it would be useless to write him at present as his mail is not delivered. Unlike Charles Carroll, the signer of the American Declaration of Independence, who, when the question arose that King George might want to locate him, went back and added, "of Carrollton," after his name. Just what Mr. Turner intends to accomplish at the meeting to be held in June will be watched for, for his method of going at it is very extraordinary.

This Happened on Mars.

Allen—Hello, Duncan, old man! How're things?

Duncan—Pretty good, pretty good. And with you?

Allen—Can't complain particularly. Get a little short of cash sometimes—business is growing fast and I have to pretty near pawn my watch on occasions to keep going. You know how it is; prosperity is sometimes actually a drag on your pocketbook. That's a preliminary to asking you if you've $10 loose that you can let me have until next week Thursday. Got to get the wife a little present for her birthday, and haven't a cent to do it with.

Duncan—Why, sure. More, if you want. And never mind about paying me Thursday; wait until I want some money and come to you.

Allen—Nix. Thursday goes and ten is all. Thanks. So long.

Duncan (Thursday)—Morning, Allen. Great weather.

Allen—All to the good. You're looking fine. Say, here's that ten. Much obliged. Nothing like having friends to help a man once in a while.

Duncan—Oh, you needn't have hurried. I'd clean forgotten about this ten.

Allen—Well, I don't forget the money I owe or what's owed me. Thanks again for your loan. S'long.—Exchange.

Curious White Island.

What is perhaps the most extraordinary island in the world is that which lies thirty miles to the northeast of New Zealand. White Island is an enormous mass of rock nearly three miles in circumference, rising 900 feet above the sea, and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds that are visible for nearly 100 miles. This island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. Some years ago an attempt was made to float a company to work the sulphur, which is of high quality, but sufficient capital was not subscribed. The export of sulphur from White Island is therefore still very small. In the interior is a lake fully fifty acres in extent, the water of which has a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is strongly impregnated with acids. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapor from the lake form the dark clouds that envelop the island.

Explained.

"I am sorry to see you here again," said the judge.

"You're not half as sorry as I am, judge," said the prisoner.

"Bad company, my man, as I told you before, is sure to bring you back," said the judge.

"Yes, judge," said the prisoner. "But I can't help myself. I tried to avoid this vulgar cop, but he just regularly thrust hisself upon me."—Harper's Weekly.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending May 18th, 1912:

Green, Mr. Alon
Johnson, Miss Esther E.
Franklin, Mr. Francis
Lock Box 181
McKean, Mr. Joseph
Michael, Napoli.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Advertise in The Miner.

LICENSE TRANSFER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application has been made in the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, for the transfer of a wholesale liquor license granted by said Court at No. 28, June Sessions, 1912, to Fred H. Hungerville, for a building situate on the South side of Main street in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., being in Square No. 82 and known as the Holder Building.

That said application will be heard by Hon. Jos. W. Bouton, President Judge of said Court, at his Chambers in the Court House in said Borough, on the first day of June, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

That the name of the applicant for said transfer is W. H. Hungerford and his residence is in the Borough of Smethport, County and State aforesaid. That said applicant is an oil producer and clerk by occupation.

V. B. BOUTON,
Atty. for Applicant.

TRIUMPH FOR WRITER

FLASH OF THOUGHT SAVED THE SITUATION.

Frederick Upham Adams Turned Joke on O. H. P. Belmont, Being Helped Somewhat by His Experience as a Novelist.

Table sagacity is not invariably confined to picking out the right fork or spoon or to tilting either at the proper angle, writes Drury Underwood in the Chicago Post. A fledgling diner out, theoretically, may keep up a conversation with his designated companion and also an eager eye on a model across the way. A merely casual hesitancy will allow him to stall until he sees what weapon to choose for the fish.

The chances for the majority of us to decide what to do in an emergency, are remote, but are to be considered. Place yourself in the situation of Frederick Upham Adams at Newport.

Mr. Adams had accepted an invitation from the O. H. P. Belmonts—the male one, to be exact—and after a Scotch overture luncheon was announced.

"Grizzly," said O. H. P., "Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is to lunch with us, but that need not make any difference."

"Certainly not," said Griz. "Nobody can make me unhappy."

The meal proceeded smoothly, with the assistance of an assortment of butlers and a waiter for each person, but there was a crisis ahead.

The doors of the serving room flew open and a flunky came in, staggering under an imposing dish. It was a castle constructed of meats, with a wall of jelly and a moat of rice. There were parapets and towers and a portcullis; likewise a porte cochere, but this probably was a gastronomic anachronism.

Mr. Adams never batted an eye, because, being a novelist, he had to be familiar with such scenes for a proper standing in fiction. He had a tricky host to deal with, however, for O. H. P. indicated by a glance that the open spot in front of Mr. Adams' plate was to be the terminal for the pie.

Grizzly looked in vain for the sign of a mistake. Instead there was confirmation in the stony eyes of O. H. P. There was nothing for him to do but to proceed. He recalled "Ivanhoe" and the carrying of the castle by assault, but in brief reflection saw that the dismantling of the wall would be to undo the work of some chef, who, in all likelihood, had put in two or three days on the job. So he disengaged a rampart of ham without pulling down the structure and removed a chicken tower flying a flag of carved radish.

Then O. H. P. relaxed and gave a momentary gleam of approval.

"It was the quickest thought of my life," said Mr. Adams in review of the incident as he ordered pork shanks.

Tears in the Contract.

A southern lawyer has gained statewide repute for his success in pleading criminal cases. His claim to fame is that he sheds real tears while urging juries to save his innocent clients, and the clause "No tears, no pay!" is a part of every contract he makes.

He had a case not long ago that seemed easy on the start, but developed later into a most difficult one. Not long after he had turned on the tears the attorney had 11 of the jury weeping also. One stony-hearted juror sat and glared at him. Tears had no effect on him. The attorney redoubled his efforts and his tears. He devoted himself entirely to this adamant juror. Tears splashed from his eyes and dewed his whiskers and his waistcoat. He talked eloquently and cried still more eloquently. Presently the set features of the determined juror relaxed a bit.

Brushing away most of the tears the attorney turned his back to the juror and bent down to get a glass of water. As he stooped he whispered to his law partner, who sat near him:

"John, I've never lost one yet! That darned old sucker can't hold out two minutes more."

And he didn't.—Saturday Evening Post.

Don't Talk About Your Troubles.

Learn to keep your own affairs locked up in your heart, but be willing to listen to others' sorrows.

That's the way to do.

There is no use in the world in harping on the crazy tear-making events of life.

Be patient with the faults of others and be patient with your own. But don't talk about the worries and trials of everyday existence.

There is no sense in that at all. It is a tremendous waste of energy. No one wants to hear about individual troubles. Constant talking about one's troubles is a sure path to chronic fault finding, bickering, and family rows that cause more misery than anything else on earth. And what good does the talking do? The sympathy you get doesn't amount to a row of pins.

Individuals of the right sort resent being pitied. Don't be a sympathy beggar.

Smiles lead you back to youth, tears drag you quickly to old age.

A Truthful Girl.

"I am very sorry, Captain Snobb, that circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no."

"May I ask what the circumstances are?"

"Yours."—Lippincott's.

Positions

We need more graduates to fill the high grade positions offered. Special inducements for next school year. Now is your time. Write for particulars.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

Of The Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, of Smethport, Pa., Main street, McKean County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business May 3, 1912.

Resources.

Reserve Fund:		
Cash, Specie and Notes	$10941 50	
Due from Approved Reserve Agents	46560 86	113402 36
Legal securities at par	46900 00	
Nickels and cents		206 61
Checks and cash items		625 73
Due from Banks and Trust Cos. not in reserve		2325 04
Commercial paper purchased: Upon two or more names		103965 40
Loans upon call with collateral		8875 00
Time loans with collateral		212723 83
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		102879 00
Loans without collateral		137387 19
Bonds, stocks, etc.		178653 19
Mortgages and Judgments of record		28319 10
Office building and lot		17429 44
Furniture and fixtures		2963 28
Overdrafts		2814 63
Other assets not included in above		7740 00
Book value of reserve securities above par		1115 00
Total		$918493 28

Liabilities.

Capital stock paid in	$200000 00
Surplus fund	100000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	44028 21
Individual deposits subject to check (Exclusive of trust funds and savings)	226423 75
Time certificates of deposit	225716 11
Deposits: Commonwealth of Pennsylvania	20000 00
Treasurer's and Certified checks outstanding	1423 18
Total	$818493 28

Corporate Trusts

Total amount (i. e. face value) of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts ..... $ 6500 00

State of Penna., County of McKean, ss:

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of May, 1912.

(Signed) HALLIE WALKER, Notarial Seal. Notary Public.

Correct Attest:

(Signed) CHARLES McKEAN,
(Signed) FRED D. GALLUP,
(Signed) H. H. REICHELS,
Directors.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Irene Roberts
vs.
Charles W. Roberts.

No. 95, December Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Irene Roberts did on the 11th day of November, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles W. Roberts.

We therefore command you, the said Charles W. Roberts, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Irene Roberts, and show cause, if you can have, why the said Irene Roberts, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Huey & Hubbard, Libellant's Attys.
Smethport, Pa., May 6, 1912.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1912,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, Count of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the east side of the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company leading from Bradford to Tarport, and at a point three hundred and fifty (350) feet north from the intersection of the north side of Mill street and the west side of said right of way of the Erie Railroad Company; thence east by line parallel to said Mill street, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post; thence north by line parallel with the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company two hundred and fifty (250) feet to a post; thence west, by line parallel to first mentioned line, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a point in the east line of the right of way of said Erie Railroad Company; thence south by said right of way of the Erie Railroad Company two hundred and fifty (250) feet to the place of beginning, containing thirty-seven thousand five hundred (37500) square feet.

ALSO, all that certain other tract or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the east side of the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company's lands leading from Bradford to Tarport, and at a point three hundred and fifty (350) feet north from the intersection of the north side of Mill street and east side of right of way of the Erie Railroad Company; thence easterly, by line parallel with Mill street, four hundred and five (405) feet to a post on the west bank of the Tunungwant Creek; thence down said Creek, and along its bank to line of the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company; thence westerly, along said right of way sixteen hundred and eighty (1680) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon situate 1 large frame building with wing, 1 Brick Boiler house; including engines and boiler, and 1 one-story frame building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of The American Metal Door Co., at suit of F. M. Hitchkiss, Trustee.

W. E. Burdick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210 being lot South Edgar street; bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post two hundred and eight-nine and one-tenth feet (289.1 ft.) north of the northeast corner of Pine Avenue and South Edgar street, marking the southeast corner of Chestnut and South Edgar streets; thence by the south line of Chestnut street parallel to and thirty-five feet (35 ft.) from the south line of right of way of the Kane Railroad and likewise fifty feet (50 ft.) from the south line of right of way of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, eastward one hundred and forty and five-tenths feet (140.5 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to South Edgar street by an alley ten feet (10 ft.) wide south forty-four and eight-tenths feet (S. 44.8 ft.) to a post; thence by the east line of South Edgar street south fifty-one and one-tenth feet (N. 51.1 ft.) to the place of beginning, and having erected thereon a two-story frame dwelling house. Being the same premises conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to J. M. McCarty by deed dated May 11, 1904, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 128, page 431.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of Field street one hundred seven and one-half feet (107½ ft.) west of the northeast corner of Field and Chase streets; thence south, parallel to Chase street, one hundred and ten feet (110 ft.) to the north line of land of Turby; thence west parallel with Field street, forty-two and one-half feet (42½ ft.); thence north, parallel to Chase street, one hundred and ten feet (110 ft.) to the south line of Field street, at the northeast corner of land of James Campbell; thence east along the south line of Field street forty-two and one-half feet (42½ ft.) to the place of beginning, and having erected thereon a large two-story frame building and barn. Being part of the same premises conveyed by J. S. Bradley and wife to J. M. McCarty by deed dated February 26th, 1906, and recorded in Deed Book 130, page 408.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post at the southeast corner of Lot No. 7 on the west side of Chase street, being sixty feet (60 ft.) south of the southwest corner of Chase and Field streets; thence west along land of Marasco and others one hundred seven and one-half feet (107½ ft.); thence south parallel to Chase street fifty feet (50 ft.) to land of Turby; thence east along land of Turby one hundred seven and one-half feet (107½ ft.) to the west line of Chase street; thence north along west line of Chase street fifty feet (50 ft.) to the place of beginning, and having erected thereon a two-story frame dwelling house. Being part of the same premises conveyed by John S. Bradley and wife to said J. M. McCarty by deed dated February 26, 1906, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 130, page 408. These lands are sold and conveyed under and subject to the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in the said deed mentioned or contained, as the same, reference thereto being had will more fully and at large appear.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. M. McCarty and J. E. McCarty, at suit of Wayne Brewing Company of Erie.

Mullin & Woods, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

3.

Defendant's interest in all the said premises described as follows: Situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania and being lot No. 37 of lots of said D. F. Rosenberg in Fourth Ward of said City as surveyed by John A. Seymour and shown on map of said lots recorded in the Recorder's office in and for said County on April 20, 1897, in Deed Book Vol. 95, page 500, reference to said record being had for more full and complete description and which said lot fronts on north side of William street fifty feet and extends back 100 feet. Subject to the conditions, reservations, &c., set out in deed from second party to first party dated May 3, 1901, recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 115, page 2, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. T. Fox et al, executors of W. H. Powers, et al, executors of the last will and testament of Dora F. Rosenberg, deceased.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Lafayette, now Lewis Run Borough, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stone and brick corner in the easterly line of the Bradford and Lafayette Highway, at the northwest corner of lot No. 14, and the southwest corner of Lot No. 13, as per C. S. Whitney & Co.'s map of Lewis Run, McKean County, Pennsylvania, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 37, at page 90; thence northerly along said Highway's easterly line, sixty-five feet to a point; thence easterly 175 feet, more or less, to a point in the line between Lots No. 15 and 17 sixty-five feet northerly from the southeast corner of lot No. 15; thence sixty-five feet along the said line between lots 15 and 17 to the southeast corner of lot No. 15; thence northerly along the line between lots 14 and 15, 187 feet, more or less, to the place of beginning. Being the southern part of lot No. 15 of C. S. Whitney & Co.'s plot of lots. Being the same land conveyed to Mike Ross by Helen Dinehart and husband by deed dated January 25, 1907, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 93, page 119.

ALSO all that other piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Lafayette Township, now Lewis Run Borough, McKean County Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the easterly line of the Highway between Lafayette and Bradford, sixty-five feet northerly from the southwest corner of lot No. 15, and the northwest corner of Lot No. 14 as per C. S. Whitney & Co.'s map of Lewis Run, Lafayette Township, McKean County, Penna., recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Vol. 37 page 90, &c.; thence along said highway twenty-nine and seven-tenths (29.7) feet to the south bank of the Lewis Run Creek; thence by the various windings of said Creek to the northwest corner of lot No. 17; tuence southerly along the line between lots Nos. 15 and 17 to a point sixty-five feet northerly from the southwest corner of lot No. 15; thence easterly one hundred and seventy-eight feet, more or less, to the place of beginning. Being the northern part of lot No. 15 as shown on the above mentioned map. Being the same property conveyed to Michael Ross by S. E. Keasney by Deed dated August 10th, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 114, page 102, &c.

The above two descriptions embracing all of lot No. 15, of C. S. Whitney & Co.'s lots in Lewis Run Borough, formerly Lafayette Township, a plot of which lots is recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 37 at page 90.

Improved and having erected thereon 5 frame dwelling houses.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mike Ross at suit of The Bradford Building, Loan & Saving Association.

H. M. Wick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the northerly line of St. James Place, the southwest corner of lot No. 1 of Whitney and Wheeler's Addition to Bradford, 1877-1878, and running thence northerly forty-four and three-tenths (44.3) feet to the southerly line of Lot No. 2; thence westerly twenty-five feet along the southerly line of Lot No. 2; thence southerly forty-four (44) feet to the northerly line of St. James Place; thence easterly along the northerly line of St. James Place, twenty-five feet to the place of beginning, and being known as Lot No. 20 of Whitney and Wheeler's Addition to Bradford, 1877-1878, as per map and survey of L. Gorton, surveyor, the said map being now on file in the Recorder's Office at Smethport, Pa., in deed book Volume 23, at page 90. And being the same land conveyed to Ella Fox by Samuel P. Kennedy by deed dated November 7th, 1904, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book Volume 130, at page 530, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame building.

Also all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post in the north side of St. James Place, west seventy-seven (77) feet from its intersection with Mechanic street; thence north forty-four (44) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south forty-three and seven-tenths (43.7) feet to the north line of St. James Place thence east twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning; Being Lot No. 200 of Whitney and Wheeler's Addition to Bradford, as per survey of L. Gorton, 1877-1878 and being also known as Nos. 6 and 8 St. James Place; and being the same lands conveyed to J. C. Fox by deed dated March 14th, 1900, and recorded in McKean County Records in deed book Volume 114, at page 425, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ella Fox at suit of Smith Brothers.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that place of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the northwest corner of land heretofore conveyed to the Appert Glass Company; thence north sixty (60) degrees east, thirty nine and five-tenths (39.5) rods to the northeast corner of the same, being a post in the west line of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; thence by west line thereof north twenty-eight and one-half (28½) degrees west, twenty and thirty-eight (20.38) rods; thence south sixty (60) degrees west, thirty-nine (39) rods to a post; thence south thirty (30) degrees east, twenty and thirty-eight hundredths (20.38) perches to the place of beginning. Containing five acres of land be the same more or less. Excepting and reserving therefrom along the east end of said piece of land that portion of same known as Railroad Avenue.

Being improved and having thereon one large frame factory building fully equipped with machinery for the manufacture of Stilts.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mineral Oil & Paint Company at suit of Penna. R. R. Co.

Gallup & Shattuck, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the west side of Congress street at a distance of two hundred and nine (209) feet south of its intersection with Main street, being the southeast corner of the R. W. Bunn lot; thence west along said Bunn's line parallel with Main street one hundred and four (100) feet to an alley; thence south along the line of said alley twenty-five (25) feet; thence east parallel with said first mentioned line one hundred and four (100) feet to the line of Congress street; thence north along the line of Congress street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-six hundred (2600) square feet, be the same more or less, and being the same property conveyed to A. C. Rote by Jennie & Elelia S. Briggs, by Deed dated January 1, 1902, and recorded in the Recorder's Office at Smethport, Feb. 27, 1902, in Deed Book Vol. 121, page 220, &c.

Improved and having erected thereon one three-story frame buildings, used as a rooming house and store room.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. C. Rote at suit of The Bradford Building, Loan & Savings Association of Bradford, Pennsylvania.

H. M. Wick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

M. C. BAIN,
Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 15, 1912.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1912:

First and final account of H. S. Rogers, Administrator of the estate of Livia M. Rogers, deceased.

First and final account of Francis M. Nash, Administrator of the estate of Phillip McGinkin, deceased.

First and final account of Agnes L. McIntyre, Divine, Administratrix of the estate of Hugh F. McIntyre, deceased.

First and final account of D. S. Heller, guardian of A. G. Edgar, late minor child of Jas. F. Edgar, deceased.

First and final account of Edward Ellison, Administrator of the estate of Abraham Ellison, deceased.

First and final account of F. W. Hastings, guardian of Catherine L. Grimes, late minor child of Allen E. Grimes, deceased.

First and final account of Helen Doane, guardian of Helen Chute, late minor child of John and Sophrona Chute.

Second and final account of T. F. Mullin, administrator of J. P. Mullin, deceased, who was administrator of the estate of Hazel H. Barr, deceased.

First and final account of Jennie A. Calden, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Calden, deceased.

First and final account of C. W. Carlin, administrator of the estate of Louise Miller, deceased.

First and final account of Gilbert Moody, executor of the last will and testament of J. E. Dunn, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register.

Smethport, Pa., May 4, 1912-4t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Esther A. Parker, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Esther A. Parker, late of Keating Township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to O. T. Chase, C. T. A., residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.

O. T. CHASE, C. T. A.
East Smethport Pa., April 25, 1912-6t.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

MEMORIAL DAY EXCURSION

$2.25 to Buffalo

AND RETURN

$2.50 to Niagara Falls

AND RETURN

From Smethport, Thursday May 30, 1912.

Tickets good going only on trains leaving 9:32 a. m. Good returning on all regular trains leaving Niagara Fall and Buffalo May 30, or 31, Baggage will not be checked on these tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars.

Children, between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare